The New REPUBLIC

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The New REPUBLIC

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THE European war is offering to American diplomacy a rare opportunity of reaching a better understanding with South America. It has brought home to the South American countries the desirability of closer political and commercial relations with the United States. In the past they have accepted the protection which the Monroe Doctrine secured to them against the aggressive action of European Powers, but they have accepted it reluctantly and suspiciously. They were afraid that the Doctrine could be made the excuse by this country for a more insidious but not less dangerous attack upon their independence. They were Pan-Americans in a lukewarm way, from a sense of duty, but they traded chiefly with Europe, and their sympathies and human ties connected them with Europe rather than with this country. But now, as neutral and pacific powers, they are beginning to understand some of the advantages of cooperation with the leading neutral and the most essentially pacific power in the world. They are beginning to see that Pan-Americanism has immediate, substantial, and incontestable advantages. It remains for the State Department to make this new attitude on the part of Latin Americans the excuse for a larger measure of official Pan-American organization. There seems to be no good reason why Mr. Carnegie's Pan-American Building in Washington should not become a far more effective and realistic House of Peace than has been a certain Palace at the Hague.

PRESIDENT Wilson is running the grave risk of presenting to the Republicans the issue of national defense. His opposition to an investigation into the military preparedness of the country by a select Congressional committee can and will be interpreted as an attempt to suppress the facts. The interpretation may be unjust, but it is inevitable. The wise way to discipline such agitation as this in favor of an increased military preparation is to supply it with an abundance of light and air. It will only furnish to the agitators additional means of agitation. Mr. Wilson will never have a better opportunity of testifying to the value of his well-known preference in favor of "pitiless publicity." If there is one matter about which the public opinion of a democracy is entitled to be fully informed, it is this matter of national defense. In the present instance the discouragement of a thorough investigation is the more unnecessary because a careful reading of Mr. Wilson's message proves that he himself is alive to the grave importance of the subject. He advocates a strong navy, and is ready to encourage increased military training. He does not suggest under existing conditions the smallest step in the direction of disarmament. The question at issue is not whether adequate measures of national defense should be adopted, but whether the existing provisions for national defense are adequate. Military and naval authorities have declared in official documents that they are not. Is not public opinion entitled to an investigation which will help the voters to make up their minds as to the truth of these assertions?

THE proposed alternative of an investigation by the existing military committees of Congress will not and should not satisfy the country. It would be equivalent to no investigation at all. In so far as there are deficiencies in the military establishment of the United States, these committees are responsible. Why invite a body of men to investigate their own presumptive misbehavior? Congressman Gardner's resolution is not itself satisfactory in this respect. A special committee would make a more thorough investigation than would the standing committees; but Congress as a whole is as much responsible as are its military organs for the possible failure to obtain in return for our heavy military expenditures adequate military protection. A committee of investigation should contain a certain proportion of independent experts, who would not be hampered by their own interests

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the attempt to make merely a partisan issue out of our unpreparedness is sheer "bunk." The responsibility is not Republican or Democratic; it is Congressional. Congress has stubbornly refused on the score of economy to appropriate the money needed to equip an efficient army, or build and man an adequate navy, while at the same time it has spent many unnecessary millions for the maintenance of useless and even injurious army posts and navy yards. Its attitude towards this problem of military organization has been consistently reactionary. The recent improvements in the military system have not been imposed upon the army by Congress; they have been imposed upon Congress by expert military opinion. It is the General Staff rather than Congress which proposes to revise our obsolete military code, and to democratize the American army by keeping the soldiers a shorter time in the barracks. Thus an investigation into the military unpreparedness of the United States becomes at least in part an investigation into Congressional ineptitude and malversation, and such an inquiry should not be confided to an exclusively Congressional committee.

IN spite of the partisan bitterness which has already been imparted to the controversy over national defense, good citizens who are neither militarists or passivists should be able to agree upon a present and a future course of action. Such men and women will deprecate no less than President Wilson does a merely alarmist agitation, which seeks to change immediately and fundamentally the military policy of the United States. They will support him in any attempt to deal with the matter of national defense soberly and patiently, but they will wish his treatment to be candid and thorough as well as sober and patient. They will wish Congress during its present session properly to equip the existing army with sufficient reserves of ammunition. They will wish the navy to be fully manned and its former efficiency restored. They will wish the added cost to be paid out of some of the millions which are being spent on the army and the navy chiefly for political purposes. Finally they will require a certain reconsideration of the military organization and policy of the United States. This country has never really tackled the problem of creating a sufficient body of well trained soldiers, without involving enforced service or an increased professional standing army. That is the great problem of American military reorganization, and the one which needs to be most carefully studied. It should be made a matter of study in the near future and an authoritative report on the European war will be over and Americans will be better able to judge whether the treaty of peace will make increasing preparations for war more necessary or less so.

ALTHOUGH the preliminary report of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations laid before Congress on Monday is described as "merely a record of progress" and not as a statement of conclusions, it is, after all, a record of a year's work. It should reveal the intellectual approach, and give to the public some sense of how the Commission is mastering the enormous wholesale inquiries it has made. Nine people have listened to facts for a year; they have taken them in patiently and sympathetically, and if they are human they must be suffering from a very considerable indigestion. We say this because the scope of the hearings has been so vast that unless the Commissioners have been organizing the material in their own minds, they cannot have dominated the rush of facts and impression. But this preliminary report shows no illuminating hypothesis, and no tentative generalization to trace some form in the maze. It reads depressingly like a college syllabus in which what employers say is balanced against what employees say. It is stale to us, it all seems to have been said so often before, and to have been said so much better. We should not carp at a restatement of the obvious if only the Commission gave an indication that it had some way of lighting up the obvious with new suggestion. The report does not seem to stimulate thought, to give to the public any of that vivid, direct impression which so many months of hearing must have given the Commissioners. This may be because it is a mosaic of little arguments, a formless and seemingly undirected array of obvious but unsuggestive items. It leaves us with the notion that the Commissioners wandered all over the country, and their minds wandered all over the subject.

WHAT the public expects from the Commission is not new facts, nor even concrete proposals. It expects effective generalization which will give some practical leverage on the mass of what is already known. Perhaps this is to expect too much. It would indeed require a very high order of scientific imagination to dominate effectively the overwhelming confusion of modern industry, to organize into useful knowledge a thousand half-reported clashing facts, to make the whole subject intellectually usable to men responsible for action. But this, we think, is what may be called the ideal, the thing which the Commission would

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too difficult, the next best thing the Commission can do is an effective work of publicity. It can dramatize the industrial struggle, and make people feel about it. Such an agitation would have some value, even if it showed no immediate concrete result. But the Commission should not vacillate, as it seems to be doing now, between agitation and invention, between muckraking and scientific inquiry. Hesitation here will only kill both the agitation and the investigation. The Commission seems not yet to have decided whether its business is the formulation of new truths or the popularizing of old ones.

IT would be easy to smile at the announcement that the Rockefeller Foundation is to investigate the Colorado strike. Where Mr. Rockefeller was so magnificently sure of the righteousness of his own position, the Rockefeller Foundation is proposing to make an expert inquiry. Where a business man was dogmatic to the last ditch, the scientists he endows think they have something to learn. But all these interesting paradoxes ought not to obscure the fact that the Rockefeller Foundation has accepted a supreme test of its own integrity. It has chosen the most difficult course, one which will strain its courage and its candor to the uttermost. This investigation is certain to be watched with something like a merciless interest, not only by the people who know a great deal about Colorado, but by all those who are inclined to distrust the effect of subsidies on scientific work. The Foundation must realize this. As it starts on its search, therefore, it cannot fail to elicit the tribute which courage arouses, and to find that an unexpected friendliness pervades an unrelaxing criticism.

LOOK at any page of any modern book, particularly one that thinks it is serious, and you will get the impression that it has been peppered with commas. Where our fathers sprinkled sand to dry their clear sentences, we sprinkle commas to liquefy them, to qualify and contradict and parenthesize and equivocate. They are the visible pocks that signal the disease ravaging within, a very plague and epidemic of over-niceness in our thought, a niceness that can say nothing without side-stepping, and ends by saying nothing. Take away the comma, and the modern philosopher, the modernist story-teller, is lost. A Greek would say, "The moon is a goddess." A scholastic would say, "The moon is the lamp of God." A child does say "The moon is green cheese." To say any one of these would show a more useful and more intelligent habit of thinking than to say, as a modernist might be apprehended, in spite of all our astronomers, including Percival Lowell, the ingenious, if, at times, rather fanciful champion of life on Mars, as a mystical phenomenon, which must be studied, not as a nature-myth, though that is fruitful, not, as the old theologians, in the dark days when faith was firm, would have us believe, as something God hung in the heavens for our light, but as a visible sign, whither sent we know not, why we cannot guess, of that relationship, too long unimagined but now for the first time beginning to be suspected, between the soul of man and that outer freedom which, though it be denied, we must strive for, work for, die for, in the knowledge that at the last, how long we do not know, our eyes shall see, with the gladness with which the poor soul, born blind, first sees the light, the true, however stupendous, meaning of what the careless child, too often, unhappily, under the tutelage of unwise parents, calls gladly but ignorantly, green cheese."

COLONEL Roosevelt's criticism last Sunday of the President's Mexican policy was an example of the kind of fighting which has turned so many of his natural admirers into bitter enemies. The article gave the sense that the Colonel had gone out to "get" the President, to bury him utterly in a landslide of contempt, and that the means to be employed were any that happened to be at hand. Colonel Roosevelt is too sophisticated a man not to know that no one can draw the Catholic Church bodily into a political controversy without starting more than it is possible to finish. He should know that to put behind a criticism the dynamite of religious passion and the popular fury that is always aroused by tales of lust and cruelty is to create an atmosphere of unreason in which no decent discussion is possible. Where his profound knowledge of foreign affairs and his very realistic judgment might have made contribution to the Mexican puzzle, he has kicked up so much dust to gain a petty end that thousands of people who would like to learn from him will see nothing but a disagreeable row. We do not think that Colonel Roosevelt intended, as his enemies are saying, to align the Catholic Church against President Wilson. He was probably deeply horrified by the stories of atrocities, his sense of immediate fair play was aroused, and, somewhat driven by his prejudice against Mr. Wilson, he struck blindly and unfairly.

OUR national attitude towards agriculture is changing. We are to-day less inclined to boast of our bountiful harvests than to consider our crops in relation to the feeding of an ever-

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harvested in 1914 than in any year in our history, the apple crop was greater than ever before, and there was an almost unexcelled production of cotton and of oats, barley, rye, potatoes, tobacco and hay. But in spite of the greater diversification of crops and of an increase both relative and absolute in the output of important products, our agriculture as a whole does not begin to keep pace with the growth in our numbers. In fifteen years there has been no considerable increase in our corn production, and in the same period, though our population has increased by over twenty millions, there has been a substantial decline in numbers of our cattle, sheep and hogs. The country would seem to be rapidly approaching the time when, unless something is done for agriculture, America will cease to be a food-exporting country.

THAT doughty prophet of law and order, *American Industries,* in announcing the "opening of the bomb-throwing season in New York," suggests its old and infallible remedy for all forms of unrest and social discontent. "Put an effective muzzle on the leaders" and social peace is automatically attained. It is very logical. Meet the illegal vocal literary violence of individuals with the legal armed physical violence of the State, and the "imbecile rank and file" will leave off being incited and rally to the standard of such champions of order and peace. Incidentally, will the American ever get over that incorrigible itching to stop the mouths of those who say things which are unpleasant for him to hear?

THE English Parliament after a session of only two weeks has adjourned, not to convene again until February second. Never before have such large crowds been present at its opening. It is generally admitted in London that the people were particularly eager to welcome some official public discussion of the problems confronting them. That discussion during the present session has been confined largely to the spy danger, recruiting in Ireland, censorship of the press, the management of recruiting stations and soldiers' pay. Not the least remarkable element in the situation has been the thoroughgoing cooperation on the part of the Opposition. In view of the strong censorship that exists over war news in England, and the perhaps growing restlessness over the Irish attitude, it seems to Americans unfortunate that Parliament could not have kept open for a longer period because of its psychological effect upon the people. Their desire for undiluted truth from the front and their feeling about England's unpreparedness for war

Pacifism vs. Passivism

HOW far the existing naval and military establishment of the United States is sufficiently equipped, manned and organized is a matter of fact which could have been settled by an exhaustive and impartial inquiry. It does not involve the fundamental problems of peace and war. But the fundamental problems of peace and war have been raised by the manner in which the proposed investigation is being discussed and by the reasons for which it is being opposed. The dogmatic pacifists will not have the question of the military preparedness of the United States even considered. They stigmatize any increased military and naval expenditure, no matter what its purpose and limits, as viciously militaristic. They are seeking to identify American pacifism with a policy which amounts practically to disarmament, even though the rest of the world goes armed to the teeth. So far as they succeed, they will be doing more than our militarists have ever done to prevent an effective ideal of peace from becoming a really leavening influence in American foreign policy.

The dogmatic pacifism of Bishop Greer and the *New York Evening Post* is derived from the doctrine of non-resistance. Bishop Greer frankly declares that the only way effectively to prevent or diminish war is never to fight. Peace and war are irreconcilably antagonistic terms. Sincere pacifists must consequently oppose war under all conditions and for any purpose; and they must stand like a rock against any preparation for war. If such an interpretation of pacifism is true, the friends of peace would have every reason to be profoundly discouraged. It would hand the world over to the militarists. It would establish militarism in the very constitution of society. The militarists, too, believe in an irreconcilable antagonism between peace and war, but they interpret the antagonism as an argument for war rather than for peace; and they are right. If the only sincere way of acting on behalf of a pacifist conviction is an uncompromising individual and national refusal to fight, then peace is an unattainable ideal. The people who were willing to fight in order to get what they wanted would continue to fight and would continue to get what they wanted. The people who were unwilling to fight in order to get what they wanted, even though they were in a numerical majority, would have to reconcile themselves to the great denial. At best they might be allowed to occupy a few isolated retreats in a jungle of warring powers. The beasts of prey would rule.

The moral values expressed by the words peace and war are not irreconcilably antagonistic. The

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Ages, not because our forbears refused to fight, but because they fought for increasingly justifiable purposes. Force cannot be eliminated from life. All that can be done is to moralize and rationalize its employment. If a really civilized organization of society is not sustained by an effective exercise of force, it will soon perish from the face of the earth. Take the critical and decisive case in our own national history. In 1860 William Lloyd Garrison advised his fellow countrymen to act upon Bishop Greer's theory of peace and war. The erring sisters should be allowed to depart in peace. Yet if the South had been allowed to depart in peace, slavery would have been indefinitely perpetuated on this continent, and both the North and the South would have been fastened to a malignant form of militarism.

A nation does not commit the great sin when it fights. It commits the great sin when it fights for a bad cause or when it is afraid to fight for a good cause. Peace is one of those good causes on behalf of which fighting continues to be necessary. The effective power for peace in the world at this moment is not the American people, who are sitting safely and comfortably by their firesides and denouncing the perverted Europeans for the brutality and carnage of the war. The effective friends of peace are the Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Russians who are fighting without rancor the battles of their country, but with the determination that all the suffering and bloodshed shall not have been paid in vain—that the war shall be terminated by a treaty of peace which shall make in favor of a less predatory international organization. They may not, it is true, succeed in accomplishing a decisive result, as did the North in 1865. Neither one side nor the other may claim exclusively to represent the interests of a better international order; and this consideration relieves the friends of peace in other countries from any obligation to participate in the struggle as a whole. Nevertheless the war is the first great international conflict in the history of the world which has come explicitly to involve the possible future suppression of militarism. The opportunities for diminishing the probability of war rest far more with the belligerents than with the neutrals. Even though the peace conference be held in Washington with Mr. Wilson as its president, the American nation can contribute nothing substantial to its outcome. The one opportunity which this country had of testifying on behalf of an ideal of peace and of having something to say about the issue and effect of the war, vanished when its government failed to make a vigorous protest against the invasion of Belgium.

Pacifism must, then, be sharply distinguished intentionally promoted. The chief instruments of an effective peace propaganda must be nations equipped for the accomplishment of their national purpose. The responsibility is theirs. They cannot shift it to an international organization which does not exist, or hand it over to subsidized peace societies. Passivism merely makes it easy for militarism. It repeats in the larger region of international politics the error which the advocates of *laissez-faire* used to make in domestic policies. Passivists are erecting national irresponsibility into a dogma, and seeking to accomplish by moral exhortation a result which requires for its accomplishment the moral exercise of force. The result of the error would be the same in both cases, the triumph of the predatory power or interest. A modern nation which wants the world to live in peace should not be content to keep the peace itself. It must be willing and ready, whenever a clear case can be made out against a disturber of the peace, to join with other nations in taking up arms against the malefactor.

The Reformer

WHILE the reformer is earnestly discussing his "social responsibilities" and his "national cooperation" and his "sound and fundamental political ideas," it is a bit difficult for him to keep his ear to the ground. Through some friend he may, however, catch an echo of what other people are saying. They will be saying very little about sound and fundamental political ideas, and a great deal about whether he is sincere, whether he is sane, and what there is in it for him. The reformer will feel as if somebody had struck his ugly fist through a painting, or walked whistling into a shrine. Such questions are not asked in a kindly world. Yet for some reason people do continue to ask them. They come into the parlor with their muddy feet and cast ruffian's doubt upon the assumptions of public virtue.

These are the people who are not answered when the reformer tells them he feels sincere, regards himself as saner than most, or that he has sacrificed much. Nor are they answered by turning the tables with some elaborate question about what *is* sincerity, what *is* sanity, where is the hairline which divides the normal from the abnormal, and so on. The reformer seems to be doing things other people don't do, to be meddling and fussing and worrying about things others let alone. All this poking the head into other people's kitchens, this trying to scrub other people's children, this trying to make life miserable for Charlie Murphy,

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spirit" and "civic virtue" is like saying abracadabra to the moon. It explains nothing. Yet the reformer needs explaining. He doesn't seem to be an ordinary person, yet he isn't very wonderful or very interesting. The easiest way to explain him is to say that he has an ax to grind, or to ignore him as a man not quite like other men. That, at least, leaves him within the context of life.

It is his detachment from this context which makes people sniff at the reformer. That is why people who believe in votes for women don't dare to be vegetarians, why Lyman Abbot is proud to confess that he drinks wine, why efficiency experts have to be a little absent-minded, why clergymen and professors swear in public. But what the reformer tries to do for himself by these amiable vices the public does for him much more radically by asking what there is in it for him. After that question the reformer no longer looks like the marble-hearted creature at banquets who is known as a public-spirited citizen. He is back on the plane of common humanity, where people wish him to be, where people, from their knowledge of the reformers they don't like, know that he ought to be.

For they have not forgotten that the noisy municipal reformer of a few years ago is now an important person in the administration of their town, and much less noisy than he used to be. They can point to a labor leader who no longer works in a mine, who wears good clothes, hobnobs with interesting people, makes speeches to crowds who glorify him, and is displayed in the newspapers. Perhaps they think of a rich man who gives lavishly, but gives without giving, or uses his generosity to thrust himself into the private lives of his pensioners. They may speak of a suffragist, and point out that she is bored and unhappy with her husband; they remark that some other suffragist became quiet when she married. They grin at the proposal to enfranchise women. They are not charitable in their public judgment. They don't move from imposing concept to imposing concept, from immense assumptions to abstract goals.

It is only a small group of professional thinkers and their immediate followers who discuss the problems of human life in a language which bears no real resemblance to the speech of men. But from this group people derive the idea that the more a man sets out to serve humanity the further he detaches himself from it. It is this group which has made the idea of public service a slow pain to high-spirited people, this group with its brown journals and its gray annals, its discreet public conferences, its illusion that charters, institutions, legal forms, and principles are the bread of life.

Here truth hides behind abstract nouns, and one us from embarrassment; from embarrassment like that which was created at a conference of the Church of England when some one asked how many present would keep their positions if they were offered better paid and pleasanter ones elsewhere. It avoids the bad quarter of an hour which would seize many a reformer if he asked himself, "Am I in this work because I believe in it, or do I believe in it because I am in it?" But while discretion avoids embarrassment, it destroys reality. It creates the odious sense that it is one thing to live, and another to be interested in reform.

The most honest excuse which professional reformers and political scientists have to offer is that life is too highly charged to be handled without gloves. No discussion could be carried on if there were not a tacit agreement to moderate truth to prejudice, to cover explosive fact by non-conducting abstractions, to talk with polish, without offense, and with luminous calm about raw and unflattering facts. For the man to whom you blurt out a bitter truth to-day may be the man you have to work with to-morrow. What you feel to be the truth may rest on assumptions you cannot prove. So only a few valiant people talk bluntly. They make some crushing observation, are shown to have been misinformed on a detail, and become what is called "discredited." Responsible people talk gently of the dangerous things they know. When their responsibility is increased by a high degree of educations, the convenient refuge is technical language which might be full of meaning if enough people understood it.

By all this dignity and reserve and tact an illusion of elegance and nobility is created which the ordinary human being finds intolerable. He feels the way most of us feel when we are just sitting down to our first dinner party. He understands what Chesterton meant by saying that a yawn was a silent yell, and he pays at least a small human tribute to the "highbrow" by assuming that there is something in it for him. He is more just, nearer to the source of truth, than he would be by accepting the language of virtue and the spacious phrases by which men love to describe themselves.

To be a reformer is not to have cast your skin and to have been seized by a grace which transforms. What is called public spirit is nothing but an occasional phase of people's lives. It does not descend with enveloping solemnity upon a few individuals and distinguish them from the rest of mankind. Men are worried into reform, driven into it, lured into it, earn their living by it, gain fame in it, make a habit of it, and through it release their ambitions.

On the whole, it is comforting to know this. The

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from the compromised interests and desires of human beings. If the world had to wait for a race of saints and vestal virgins it would have to wait too long. While public spirit and social responsibility are icy heights towards which the path is concealed by the barriers of income and deference and the pedant's fear of being wrong, few people will scale them, few people will even look toward them. As a matter of fact, all these heights are a delusion; the technicality and the timidity, the detachment and the reservations of thinkers and reformers are signs not that they have become more than human, but that they have lost the vitality and the courage which the earth exhales.

The reformer does not differ in motive or character from the men who suspect him. His actions do not arise from a different source; they are merely pointed sometimes to a different end. His selfishness, his hobbies, and his desires happen now and then to produce effects larger than himself; not always, not even most of the time. The public aspect of any person is only a fragment of his life. There are moments which come and go when passion is well directed, interest is informed, and imagination touched with fortunate insight. At these moments, perhaps, we who are fret and drudgery and preoccupation contribute something.

A Substitute for Violence

ONLY an insignificant number of people believe that violence can redeem society, and of those who believe it almost none have the courage to act. Most of them are content to talk, to enjoy the panic of newspapers and the applause of tea-parties. Of those who actually set off bombs, some are caught and the others live a miserable, hunted existence. They receive no thanks whatever from the poor whom they intended to help, and by all active labor leaders and socialists they are hated as the devil himself. From Bakunin to the MacNamaras and Alexander Berkman, the terrorist has been more of a nuisance to the labor movement than to the social order which in his fatuous feebleness he hoped to replace.

The puzzling form of violence is that which accompanies strikes like those in Colorado, West Virginia, or Calumet. It is based on no theory and engineered by no conspiracy. Disorder simply seems to break out, and though we investigate it by commissions until the end of time, fair-minded people will be unable to agree on the culprit. No sooner has it been pointed out that so-and-so fired the first shot, than someone rises to insist that he was provoked beyond endurance. We investigate the utter bewilderment of thought and the blunting of action. Do mine-owners employ brutal mine-guards because the miners are brutal? Are the miners brutal because the conditions brutalize them? Are conditions brutalizing because the men are uncivilized?

What we need most is to break out of this circle. The way to break out is to cease asking who is guilty, and to begin formulating a method of action. The search for some one to blame must give place to the search for a plan. No engineer would feel that he had dealt with the Culebra slides because he had been able to show that the geological formation was guilty of not having been adapted to the convenience of the canal. He would try to find a theory which would put him in a position not to judge of ultimate responsibility, but to act toward reconstruction.

But where in the passion and ignorance and unreason of industrial warfare is a plan of action to be found? What experience is there that offers anything like the assurance which is to be found in bayonets, clubs, and machine guns? It is to be traced, we think, in the history of political government. The difficulty of our thinking about industrial relations is that we have failed to grasp a simple and illuminating idea. The idea is that the management of modern industry is a problem of government, that the control of an industrial corporation is as political as the control of a city or state. In every industry are to be found all those issues which we call political: who is to legislate, what is the scope of the executive, how are special interests to be represented? The fact that we speak of boards of directors instead of a Senate and House, of managers rather than of mayors, of foremen and superintendents rather than of judges or bureau chiefs, does not impair the observation that a great modern industry is a big human relationship, and that its problems are the problems of politics.

But how does it help to recognize that the management of industry is an example of government? It helps because it puts us in a position to apply the long experience of politics to the newer issues of business. The corporation as we know it is comparatively novel, but the state is an institution with a long history which is rich in suggestion.

One of the reasons, for example, why it is better to live in the United States than in Mexico is that we have learned to change our government by means of an election rather than by means of a revolution. We have a definite opportunity every so often to oust the party in power. We can change the policy of the state without assassinating the head of it. We have not obliterated our differences, we have raised them to the political level. Now in

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policy of the business, they have generally to threaten revolt, and every important difference is solved by a trial of strength. As business is conducted to-day, the demands of the workers are *prima facie* illegal, for industry has not yet developed representative government under constitutional forms.

The problem of law and order is to develop for business some constitutional representative government. In the protocol trades of the garment manufactures we see the beginnings. There an actual assemblage has been created, and those interested have an opportunity to legislate for their industry. No one supposes that the protocol is a final blessing; the habit of representative government in industry is so little developed that all sorts of difficulties constantly arise. Moreover, while citizenship in industry is newer and more untried than citizenship in the state, the problems of industry are as technical as the problems of politics. But at least the protocol is something to work on, something to evoke loyalty. It enables us to speak of law and order without blushing, for there is some law and some order. But in the Colorado mines, for example, the autocracy is absolute, no glimmer of representation exists, no responsibility is permitted to the men, there is no government by consent, and nothing but brute force to compel obedience.

These believers in absolutism persist. They may smother rebellion, it will break out again; and all they will have done is to delay the time when men can begin to learn the difficult art of governing industry. By refusing any representation, they are closing the school in which men practice and grow to democracy. By refusing responsibility to the men, they make them irresponsible. By making it difficult to remedy abuses or express dissatisfaction except through revolt, they breed the habit of rebellion. They are doing what every foolish autocrat has always done—they are trying to purchase temporary absolutism, and they will pay for it by constant disorder and fearful waste.

We have no idea that a fine civilization can be produced by riots, or beating "scabs," or by heroic men in the mountains. An industrial democracy will have to be based on long experience in an atmosphere clear enough for reason to live. This experience can be got only in one way, by creating recognized channels in which it can develop. We do not expect to jump straight from the present absolutism into a cooperative democracy. Industry will have to pass through the intermediate steps, through limited monarchy, through representative government, before self-government is possible. By those steps men must learn. But we must begin sometime to take those steps. We must at least

Socialist Degeneration

THE election of 1914, like that of 1912, reveals the fact that the Socialist party of America is ceasing to be a Socialist party, or a revolutionary party, or even a party of wage-earners, and is becoming a vague, ungeneralized, democratic organization. It is appealing to farmers, middlemen, and small capitalists as well as to wage-earners, is minimizing or even denying the class struggle, is ignoring the social philosophy of which the party is supposed to be the representative, and is manifesting a willingness to exchange old principles for new votes. For better or worse, the Socialist party suffers that democratic "degeneration" which the Syndicalists maintain is the fate of all political parties.

This thesis could be maintained by a mass of evidence so large that it would overflow these pages and spill over incontinently into future issues. But a very few figures from the electoral returns of 1912 (those for 1914 being still too fragmentary) will suffice. If the Socialist party were the party of the wage-earners, it would be strong where the wage-earners are many, and weak where the wage-earners are few. But it is in the great industrial states of the Union, with cities and factories and dense masses of workmen, that the Socialists are the weakest. In New York State, after more than forty years of propaganda, the Socialist party vote (1912) is only 4 per cent of the vote of the State. In other words, only one voter in every twenty-five votes the Socialist ticket. In Massachusetts, a typically industrial state, only 2.6 per cent of the votes are Socialist; in Rhode Island only 2.6 per cent; in New Jersey only 3.7 per cent; in Maryland only 1.7 per cent. In many densely settled industrial states, covered with great factories employing armies of wage-earners, the great mass of workmen hold aloof, and the Socialist party remains weak.

On the other hand, in certain agricultural states, where there are few wage-earners, and where farm owners and tenants who wish to become farm owners do not even know what wage-slavery is, the Socialist vote is comparatively strong. In Kansas, in Minnesota, in Texas, in several other preponderatingly agricultural states, the proportionate Socialist vote is much larger than in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and other industrial states. In the South, where there is hardly any industrial proletariat, the Socialist vote is growing. In Florida, 9.3 per cent of all the votes cast in 1912 were for Mr. Debs. The Socialist proportion of votes in Florida was considerably over twice as great as in New York and over three times as

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the Socialist vote is the strongest of all. The state with the largest proportion of Socialist votes is not New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, Michigan or Connecticut—which are the eight greatest industrial states, comprising over 63 per cent of all wage-earners employed in manufacturing—but brand-new, corn-growing, hog-raising Oklahoma. In that state 16.6 per cent of all voters vote the Socialist ticket, or more than four times the proportion of New York and more than six times the proportion of Massachusetts. After Oklahoma the states which have the largest Socialist vote are the sparsely settled agricultural and mining states of the far West. The only states which have 10 per cent or more of their votes Socialistic are the seven Western states, Oklahoma, Nevada, Montana, Arizona, Washington, California and Idaho.

It almost seems as though the Socialist party is weakest where it has been longest in the field, where its propaganda has been the most active, and where conditions seem ripest for the inevitable economic revolution. Thirty-six years ago, in 1878, when there were already twenty-four newspapers "directly or indirectly" supporting the Socialist party and the Socialists were piling up large votes in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis, Oklahoma was not even on the map, and the hope of the party seemed to lie in the industrial states of the East and Middle West. But the party growth did not keep pace with the industrial development of these states. Year by year an ever smaller proportion of the total Socialist vote was to be found in these great industrial commonwealths, and in several states an increased vote has been followed not only by a relative but by an absolute decline. In Massachusetts, where the decline has been greatest, the Socialist party vote was 33,629 in 1902, and only 12,616 ten years later.

What we find everywhere is a deproletarization of the Socialist party, and an opening of the party doors to all sorts of voters, proletarian, non-proletarian and anti-protelarian. We find Socialist candidates for mayor elected by non-Socialist votes and carrying out after election non-Socialist programs. In the late election Mr. Meyer London of New York was sent to Congress by a coalition of groups, some of which wanted the cooperative commonwealth, while others wanted London or did not want Tammany. To gather in the non-proletarian voter the Socialist party platform is progressively watered so that the flaming red of a generation ago becomes a delicate pink. The old program which threatened the farmer with the loss of his farm is tactfully altered, and we know not what promises of "private property in the means

attitude towards voteless proletarians, especially Southern negroes, and also a change in attitude towards voting non-proletarians, who are perfectly willing to vote with the Socialists if only they will drop their Socialism. And finally, after the class war has been abandoned, except in words, a party referendum almost entirely omits the words, so that the way may be open to complete conversion of what was once supposed to be a revolutionary party into a frankly democratic and progressive party.

How this development will work itself out, what are the ultimate chances of success of this new semi-progressive party, is a question of engaging interest. It is difficult to prophesy how it will modify its tactics and its leadership in an effort to gather in the vaguely radical vote. We shall not now enter into that phase. The present emphasis is on the mere fact of this inevitable and foreseen transformation, a process which the Syndicalists and the more advanced Socialists, stranded by this recession of the revolutionary tide, call Socialist degeneration.

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The Economic Outlook in France

THE economic results of the present war seem likely to be as unprecedented as the scale of its military operations. It is the first war that has been fought under a system of universal military service in all the countries engaged except England, and that fact alone makes its economic effects much more grave than those of any previous war in modern times. Whatever may be the result, it is already evident that France will suffer far more than she did from the war of 1870.

At the very beginning of the war all the men up to the age of thirty-nine were suddenly taken away from their occupations, and a few weeks later all the men up to forty-five had followed them. Men who were not called out have tried to keep their places of business open with the aid of elderly employees and boys, but, now that the classes of 1914 and 1915 are called under the colors, only boys under nineteen are available for civil employment. The economic effect of this sudden withdrawal from all civil occupations of between four and five million men in a country of rather less than forty million inhabitants must obviously mean the dislocation, and indeed the paralysis, of trade and industry.

All parts of France have not, of course, suffered equally. There is more business in Marseilles, Toulouse or Bordeaux than in Paris, and agriculture, one of the most important industries of France, has suffered less than the others. It has been possible to get in the crops; even in Champagne, which is in the invaded area, the vintage has been taken as far as military operations would allow. The Germans have not destroyed the vineyards, and it would appear that agricultural land generally has suffered less than might have been expected in the invaded area.

But production, other than agricultural, is almost at a standstill all over France. The invaded area, although it is not a very large proportion of the whole area of France, is the wealthiest part of the country and the most industrial, the district of mines, textile trades, sugar factories, and most of the principal industries. At present it is almost uninhabited; those towns and villages that have not been partially or wholly destroyed by the guns of both armies are practically deserted, and the few inhabitants that remain are condemned to idleness. Moreover, the Germans have systematically burned down factories and works, wrecked mines, and destroyed industrial machinery. The State will, of course, come to the aid of the invaded districts, but it must be long before French industry recovers from the catastrophe.

In Paris the state of affairs is only less serious. There has, of course, been no destruction, but the area.

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the war. It might have been expected that there would be a demand for the labor of the men who are too old for military service, but the majority of these are out of work, and so are nearly all the women. The trades which employ chiefly or exclusively women are among those which have suffered most. Paris depends to a great extent on the *commerce de luxe* which is at a standstill; there are no Paris fashions this year, and there is no demand for dresses, hats, feathers, artificial flowers. Most families are in mourning, and the very few dressmakers' and milliners' shops that are open show nothing but mourning in their windows.

Most of the working-class families whose male members are at the front are living on the allowance of 1 fr. 25 c. a day, with 50 c. a day for each child, given by the Government, eked out by soup kitchens, free restaurants, and other forms of assistance. Those single women who were able have gone to their families in the country; others exist as best they can. Most of the very small shops remain open, those that can be run by the women of the family, without employees, but their custom is much reduced. The return of the Government from Bordeaux, followed as it will be by the return of the wealthy classes who are still almost entirely absent, will no doubt cause some retail shops to be reopened, and make some improvement in the economic situation. The reopening of theaters and music halls will employ a certain number of people; but it will not be possible to open many, for they could not be filled. These, however, will be but trifling improvements.

The crisis has been accentuated by the various necessary measures which the Government has taken to prevent general bankruptcy. The moratorium, which has been prolonged until December thirty-first, is slightly modified, but it will not be possible to put an end to it entirely before the war is over. The men at the front cannot be called upon to pay their debts, and they are the majority of the men in the country. The moratorium at present suspends the payment of bills of exchange and all trade debts with this exception, that after November thirtieth a debtor who is not at the front and does not live in the invaded area can be made to pay only if his creditor can prove to the satisfaction of a judge that he is able to do so. For the ordinary legal procedure is substituted a kind of amical inquiry by a judge, without fees of any sort, in which the parties cannot be represented by counsel. It is evident that very few debtors will be able to pay, especially as no debts can be recovered from men at the front or persons inhabiting the invaded

bank were permitted to withdraw only 250 fr. and 5 per cent of the balance. The proportion has been gradually increased, and by December thirty-first they will have been permitted to withdraw 1000 fr. and half the balance. For the purpose of paying wages and salaries, additional withdrawals are allowed, and by December thirty-first a man who has wages and salaries to pay will have been able, during the five months of the war, to draw out 1000 fr. and 75 per cent of the balance of his account. But wages and salaries are not the only expenses of business, and it is unnecessary to insist on the obstacles which the moratorium puts in the way of the resumption of trade. Nevertheless it is impossible to say that the Government was mistaken. Had the moratorium not been decreed, it is certain that one at least of the three most important joint-stock banks in France would have failed; unfortunately there seems good reason to believe that its failure cannot even now be averted, and that a huge financial catastrophe will be added to the other economic disasters of France. In the opinion of some people the only remedy would be the taking over by the Government of the banking business of the country.

The payment of rent has also been suspended in the case of business premises, and of the private residences of men at the front, and of all private residences in certain specified departments, including the Department of the Seine. The landlord is, however, allowed, except in the case of men at the front, to bring evidence to prove that the tenant can pay wholly or partly, and can obtain payment if he succeeds in proving it. It is evident that this suspension of rent will have to be continued until the end of the war; it falls hard on the small landlords, who are numerous in France, and the State will be obliged to do something for their relief.

The problem of the financial settlement at the end of the war will be very difficult. It is plain that when the men at the front come back, they cannot be called upon to pay at once two or three quarters' rent and all their business debts. Indeed, it is tolerably plain that many of them cannot be made to pay at all; thousands are injured for life and will never be able to work again. Moreover, large numbers will never come back—there are already about 100,000 killed—and their families in many cases will be unable to pay anything. A general enforcement of debts would mean almost universal bankruptcy. The State will have in some way to come to the aid both of debtors and creditors.

Long before the end of the war, more effective steps will have to be taken to deal with its appalling misery. In Paris, at any rate, the authorities have been generous in allotting the Government allowance to the families of men at the front. The allowance is given only to families who can prove that they need it, and inquiries are made with tact and discretion. It is not necessary that a woman reasonably permanent connection with the soldier, and illegitimate children are on the same footing as legitimate. But the Government allowance is quite inadequate for the support of a family; it has been supplemented by municipal soup kitchens, by assistance in money or in kind given by the *Assistance Publique* (Poor Relief), and by various forms of private charity. The funds of the *Assistance Publique* are very limited and have been greatly diminished by the closing of places of amusement, which has deprived them of the *droit des pauvres*, or tax of 10 per cent on the price of admission to all entertainments. The trade unions have done admirable work, but their funds are not large. The wealthy classes have not done what might have been expected of them.

It is very probable that the economic condition of Germany is already nearly as bad as that of France, but not quite, because Germany has not been invaded. France has no difficulty in regard to the food supply, which is abundant and will remain so; prices in Paris of every necessary except sugar are lower than they were before the war. But low prices are of little use to people who have no money to buy anything, and that is the case with a large number in France. It seems probable that the war will be brought to an end by physical and economic exhaustion on both sides, and the advantage of the Allies is that England, which has suffered at present very little economically, can hold out much longer than either France or Germany.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, November 27

Norman Hapgood

LOGIC, an elementary course given twenty-eight years ago by Professor Royce, that was the setting in which I first saw Norman Hapgood. Of course we weren't acquainted then, having been in the same class at Harvard for only two years. The shape of his head was striking, but not so striking as his expression. In a flock of students who looked dutifully attentive or bored or conscientiously acute, Hapgood's expression was egregious. He looked amused. You would have guessed he found the detection of fallacy about the most amusing game he had ever played, and you would have been right. In those days he liked logic quite as well as baseball. None of his contemporaries could split the hair with nicer hand. As a nice yet humorously ruthless detective of fallacy he gained his earliest reputation at Harvard.

Five or six years later I had my second good look at him. Although the law was not his first choice, he was one of the best two or three men in his class at the Harvard Law School, and had emerged in a Chicago law office. I don't know how his mind lived its life by day. His real mental life began after dinner, when he and his friends would start an evening-long talk about Maletesta, or when

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—Madame du Deffand, Mérimée, Stendhal. At this epoch he used to write in *The Yellow Book,* among other things about ennui, of which he has all his life had no first-hand knowledge. These essays, with the slightly later articles on Balfour, Rosebery and John Morley which appeared in *The Contemporary Review,* were more "written" than anything he has done in the last ten years. There was a time when it irritated him to be told that they were also written better. Even now, though the subject doesn't interest him, you can make him a little tired by asking why he no longer writes as he wrote then. In this period his interest began its significant shift from books to men, from past to present, from the splittable hair to the big brush.

To his next, his early New York period, belong those solid, acute, documented lives of Lincoln and Washington which scarcely read like the improvisations they really were. They tell you more about Lincoln and Washington than about the evolution of Norman Hapgood. For documents upon Hapgood as he then was you had better consult the dramatic criticism he contributed to the old *Commercial Advertiser,* now the *Globe.* He had almost all the qualifications of a dramatic critic except taste. There was a healthy pugnacity in his articles. Plays and acting and management and the theatrical trust gave him things to say which he cared prodigiously to get said. He made his readers care, made them realize the importance of taking sides, of taking the right side. Among managers he discriminated the sheep from the goats. He belabored the goats until some of them tried to butt him off his job. Then he came back at them harder than ever, without ever losing his temper. His manner of writing could not help changing. Once you might have supposed his aim was to make subtleties clear to the subtle. Now he began to write as if he wanted the deaf to hear. By taking sides, and by wishing other people to take sides, he was learning to talk at a mark, his audience. At the end of this period he was ready for the rest of his life work. Henceforth he would address his contemporaries through a megaphone.

His association with *Collier's* started from an accident. F. P. Dunne, who was writing the *Collier* editorials, happened to be going away for a week or so, and asked Hapgood to fill in. The owners of the paper liked his work so well that later, when Dunne wanted to resign, they cabled an offer of his place to Hapgood, who was then sunning himself on the Italian Riviera, writing a few meditative essays that he has never been willing to print.

Since that spring morning in 1903 when he sat down to his desk at *Collier's,* he has renounced meditation. For the last ten years his thinking has been rapid and controversial. Believing that too much of our editorial writing has been done by men who do nothing except sit at desks, and who read nothing except print, Hapgood has gone everywhere, met everybody, served on committees, made speeches copiously conferred. His subjects one is on the point of talking about. It is in talk and in the news of the day that he gets the topics which serve him best. His mind seizes these topics and does things to them. It digs into them until it strikes a layer of helpful truth, which must not lie too far below the surface to be exposed to average eyes. Unconsciously he has almost ceased to believe that a truth can be important if four or five hundred words cannot make it clear to the average. According to Walter Pater, the first requisite of a good prose style is a complicated subject matter to grapple with. The first requisite of a good journalistic style is a subject matter which Norman Hapgood can make clear to you before you get off your suburban train.

The second requisite is punch, which is most accurately known by counting those who feel it. A few steps toward knowledge of it may nevertheless be taken along other ways. Punch is something which Arthur Brisbane has, and Sam Adams and Dean Swift, and which Walter Bagehot and Max Beerbohm haven't. So far I can follow Hapgood, at a respectful distance, not understanding very well, getting a little muddled. Beyond this point I am lost, though I cling to the guiding doctrine that there can be no punch without emotion, that light without heat doesn't interest our readers, that dry light makes dry reading.

Adherents of this creed, confined to matter which punch and repetition can make clear and interesting to an audience of several hundred thousand, are further restricted by the fear of getting in wrong, of occupying positions that cannot be defended. It is one of Hapgood's superiorities to most journalists that he has felt these restrictions less than they, that he has been free to choose so many things to fight for and to fight against. His courage has often put him in exposed positions, which he has defended so stoutly, and from which he has made such destructive sorties, that his readers have come over to his side. Armed with the goods, which he certainly had on Secretary Ballinger and President Taft, Hapgood literally did not care how many enemies he made. His moral ardor led him even into boring many readers not so morally ardent, but he lost neither head nor heart nor patience. He gained his end. His successful campaign was a sky-high warning to men who wanted their friends to grab our national resources. He put an inferior Secretary of the Interior out of business. It was a solid piece of work that Hapgood did for conservation in *Collier's.* And he did it, such are the pleasant oddities of journalism, without ever mastering, as a scholar masters all the diseases of Greek verbs, all the ins and outs of the Glavis-Ballinger-Pinchot row.

Both as an editorial writer and as a maker of speeches he is most damaging when he retorts. In his answers to opponents the old dialectitian refines the worshipper of punch. When he is talking to a friend this old dialectitian is still very much

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walking home from a ball game, he is quite ready to choose, from the men and women of all epochs, the dozen who would be most agreeable together at dinner. He has time enough for all your interests, time enough to destroy, with friendly hand, a few of your fallacies.

He does this without impatience, as if you and he were playing a game. These pools of leisure, in the hurrying stream of his life, are less frequent than they used to be, but they are just as quiet. To find him in leisurely mood you must find him almost alone, or with children about, for as soon as his company has grown to four or five adults his mood becomes a little journalistic, a little impatiently controversial, a little contemptuous of the taste which rejects popular idols and of the mind which dozes over the very newest thought. As the size of his company increases, so his desire for victory in talk increases, and his wish to explore other men's minds grows less.

No, it is when you are alone with him that this successful journalist is most attractive and least journalistic. His gentleness and his humor appear, he loses his desire to impose his will, his judgment, his taste. And in talk you are secure against anything resembling his printed enormities—his disquisitions on breakfast or Shakespeare, his obituary paragraphs beginning "Whistler is dead" or "McKim is dead," and reading like plaster casts of an emotion. His queer preferences in verse, for example, which irritate one in print, because they there sound as if he thought them important, are in talk only the quaint idiosyncrasies which give him feature.

In Hapgood's talk even President Wilson seems like a man of this world. His loyalty to the President is as ubiquitous and combative as it is in print, but it doesn't make me dislike that image of him, half saint and half trustee and all great man, which forms itself in my mind as I read *Harper's Weekly*. When Hapgood is talking instead of writing, he doesn't impose trusting the President upon me as a disagreeable duty.

P. L.

How England Organised at Home

WE in England are gradually coming to understand the meaning of "war on two fronts," in a sense different from that of the phrase as commonly applied to Germany. As we organise for fighting the enemy abroad, so we must organise at home for the prevention of misery, the upkeep of industry, and the continuance of normal living. How has England done this? Has she revealed, in the sphere of civil organisation, powers of foresight and mastery comparable with the admittedly great qualities displayed in the transport of maintenance of the field army on the Continent, or in her policing of the seas?

In setting out to answer this question, I omit the series of large and bold Government measures designed to steady the currency, the banks, and the stock markets, and to prevent the collapse of international credit. Those, since they touch directly the commercial life of every country, are familiar in the main to business people all over the world. Not so, however, the steps that have been taken to safeguard the social structure against the ruinous disorder created by war.

Alike in Germany and in America, I believe, a notion prevails that the English have little or no organising faculty. We can, upon occasion, adduce plenty of evidence to the contrary; but all the same it is true that in the face of a national emergency demanding instant collective action we do not appear to be capable of constructing an adequate machine and making it go. When the present unparalleled ordeal came upon us, we did indeed make an impressive beginning. The Government, acting problem, but accomplished certain other things which were in effect revolutionary. The railways were placed under a central executive. Action was taken to prevent the private storing of supplies and the cornering of the market in food-stuffs. The sugar supply was appropriated, and a Government purchase of ninety million dollars' worth effected at a stroke. Decisions were arrived at, without a parliamentary vote, which before the war would have been denounced as imperilling the very existence of society. But there were no protests, and anyone who had begun to talk about the limits of state action, the rights of corporations, or the freedom of the individual, would have been laughed at even in a city restaurant or a country house.

So far there has been no movement towards Government control of any department of production—the mines, for example, or cotton, which alone among the greater industries has been gravely injured by the war. But for a while it seemed probable that the daring and originality of the Government's policy in regard to credit would be reflected in the organisation against unemployment and distress. One half of the Cabinet was formed straightway for this purpose into a national committee, with Mr. Herbert Samuel, who succeeded Mr. John Burns in the headship of the Local Government Board, as chairman. Under this central council of ten a group of other committees, reinforced from outside the Government, was created; one for trade insurance against war risks, another to advise as to the distribution of food supply and the regulation of prices, a third to handle the special

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for information and counsel upon an intelligent committee of statisticians, presided over by Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, the well-known pioneer in the field of intensive social survey.

All this, it should be borne in mind, was intended as machinery of constructive organisation, not for eleemosynary aid or the scattering of doles. Parliament had voted a war credit of five hundred million dollars, part of which was available for expenditure on public works at home. The business of charity, the relief of distress caused directly through the war, came under a separate heading—namely, the National Fund, started by an appeal from the Prince of Wales, and at present totalling about three and a quarter millions sterling, raised by public subscription among all classes. The controversy as to the laying out of this immense sum which is still going on vigorously brings us to a typically English difficulty ending in an equally typical compromise.

From the outset it was apparent that people who were to be entrusted with the administration of the public funds fell into two opposing groups. One called for productive expenditure; the other could think only of doles. Those not by any means all socialists or collectivists who belonged to the first group, urged the importance of seizing the opportunity for systematic conservation of the national wealth.

It seemed at first that the Government, or at any rate the more advanced members of the Cabinet, agreed with this view. There is in England, for example, no more depressing evil than the miserable housing of the workers, and the Government announced that a sum of twenty million dollars would be available for new housing schemes in city and village. We understood, moreover, that public works in general were to be, not curtailed, but multiplied. Local governing authorities were to be encouraged to fresh enterprises, such as the building of schools, technical institutes, hospitals, and sanatoria, the laying out of parks and gardens, the making and improvement of roads, bridges, tramways, drains—a policy, in short, of civic reconstruction. The country had been prepared for such a policy and would have rallied to it. But the opposition, as we soon perceived, was powerful and strongly entrenched. To permanent officials controlling the various public departments, a broad and courageous endeavor of this kind looked like nothing but a reckless adventure; and the Government itself drew back from its earlier position. Mr. Lloyd George warned the local authorities against extravagance. All our resources, he explained, would be needed for the war; we should be called upon to finance and equip our allies. Public works, therefore, should be primarily for relief. There is no need to add that this view was the only one which commended itself to those people who, in times such as these, invariably come to the fore among us. They know what charity is, but they have no use for systematic patronage of royalty. But they are bored or worried by proposals for creating new wealth in the shape of public-utility services. They will give money for the relief of destitution; they cannot understand the expenditure of thought and ingenuity for keeping work going and for the preservation of the worker's self-respect.

This is always and everywhere our trouble in England, and at the present time it is illustrated, painfully enough, by the administration of the Prince of Wales's Fund. The original idea of the fund was excellent; it was to prevent the starting throughout the country of local funds with innumerable overlapping agencies, and to establish a uniform scale of relief. We have not escaped overlapping; and there are now in England some three hundred and thirty district committees, independent of Government control, all, until a few weeks ago, working without any guidance as to the scale of relief for individuals and families in distress. Add to this that the labor unions, the great cooperative societies, and the trained social workers were ignored in the formation of the committees, and that most of these have been filled by the kind of person—either an ignorant amateur or an exponent of the C. O. S. temper and methods—commonly referred to as a "prominent" or "influential" citizen, and you may perhaps form some idea of the prevailing chaos, the tragic blunders and delays, and the atmosphere of embittered enmity in which the multiple activity of national relief is going forward.

The question may well be asked, what is it in England that prevents the creation at first call of the organisation needed in a given emergency, and the emergence of the collective spirit to set it going? The answer, very roughly, may be stated as follows. The country, as regards its social forms and habits, is still largely in the feudal stage. We cling to the conception of society as made up of chiefs and people, and we permit our public life to be impeded and misdirected by the self-appointed chiefs of a childishly absurd aristocracy. We are afflicted with the idea of benevolence dispensed by the wealthy amateur, who in the majority of cases is ignorant, meddlesome, inquisitorial, and not seldom insolent. Moreover, we cannot get the people in power to recognise the existence of the system of local self-government which, during the past quarter of a century, has been remade in England. These people can see the mayor—for he is an ancient institution, and dresses the part. But they cannot see the town and district councils, the administrative departments, and the corps of trained public servants from whose work the English public is learning for the first time what efficient local government is or may be made. Hence, in spite of the fact that the machinery is actually in existence, capable of adaptation to any need, the organisation of work and public assistance gets plunged once again into the chaos of voluntary enterprise. Yet, as always, we work through chaos into comparative order.

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The Defect of the German Defense

THE true weakness of the German defense seems to lie in an inability to analyze the objections which Americans make to Germany's conduct in the present war. Undoubtedly the war is the product of a misunderstanding between honest men on both sides in regard to each other's purposes and ethics. It is a product of distrust rather than hatred; of inability to understand rather than unwillingness to comprehend. We ought therefore to expect that the combatants will find each other's defenses of their conduct and participation illogical and unsatisfactory. Where they are actually fighting each other because of their mutual misunderstanding, it is scarcely probable that the shedding of any amount of ink in explanation will really bring the one to sympathize with the other's point of view. In the last analysis it is this very point of view, this inability to accept the other's point of view, which brings them to blows.

The bulk of us in America are either of English parentage or have been so long in an environment whose fundamental factors are the English language, English law, French customs and traditions that our mental habits are much more nearly those of the English than of the Germans. Such of us as are in this category did not need any one to explain to us the English defense. Sir Edward Grey's speech seemed remarkable to most of us; we approved of the White Paper because it spoke to our understanding, not merely to our minds. Sir Edward used ideas, not words alone. The temper in which most of the German defenders write is admirable, the purpose is above reproach; but the effect is not what they hope for, because their minds work along different channels from ours. American citizens of German parentage, who speak the German language, who are familiar with German habits of thought, comprehend these statements and require no more explanation of them than the rest of us do of the English statements. In fact, the difficulty the German defenders experience is not the lack of cogent arguments demonstrable by history, which might be erected into a logical structure literally unassailable; the lack is that comprehension of the average American's mental processes which would show them the arguments needed to convince him. Herein is their greatest difficulty.

They tell us repeatedly that everything Germany has done has been in self-defense, but they do not really stress the fact, and so do not explain it, that the danger was contingent and not immediate, was something which was likely to happen within a half century, and which to be successfully met then required them to begin operations now. To the average American mind a contingent danger does not exist, because he cannot see it and because he is prevent the danger from materializing at all. To tell him that the danger was contingent and not immediate is equivalent to saying that there was no danger.

The aggression of England and Russia against Germany, Germans are quite certain was inevitable. The very existence of those two countries, the geographical position of Germany, the history of Europe, proved that England, France and Russia would some day attack Germany if Germany did not do something to prevent it. The average American, however, has only one question that he wants answered. Did the Germans know that England, France and Russia were actually planning to attack them in the year 1914? Is there any documentary evidence of such an intention? When the English, French, and Russians published a diplomatic correspondence which completely proved to any fair-minded man that they did the best they could to avoid this war at this time, the average American was completely satisfied. These countries did not want to fight, they did not begin it. It is therefore Germany's fault. Germany is the aggressor. Future troubles, future aggression, future inevitable wars, of all these things the American is incredulous.

What is more, the Germans admit that they were compelled, in order to insure the military success of the movement whose necessity was thus clear, to conquer Belgium, in the face of solemn treaty pledges not to enter Belgium. The American mind sees in all this an engaging admission that the first overt acts of aggression were taken by Germany. The case, therefore, stands thus: The Germans saw no actual danger in sight; they were not actually attacked by anybody; they then proceeded to hit the other man first, and in order to do so had to knock a little fellow out of the way. This is not according to American notions of fair play. Our ideas may not be correct according to philosophy and the final analysis of truth, but they are ours, and just at present we are judging things on that basis.

The German attempts to explain this situation and justify these happenings by the logic of necessity. These steps were inevitable, or Germany would cease to have its place in the sun. It is, however, when he tells the American that this is a peaceful process, that it has no aggression in it, that it is actuated by no desire to take away other peoples' property, that the Germans ask only for what is rightfully theirs, that the American becomes incredulous and fails to see the connection. The facts are as plain to him as the nose on his face that the direct contrary of all these statements is true. As for population and trade and fleets, of all this he knows very little, and while he is anxious to under-

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vital connection between the thing they are explaining and their justification of it. If anything, the explanation is worse than the offense. A man might very well make a mistake and hit some one without quite intending to do any damage; but to have struck the first blow, to have done a great deal of damage and to admit it, to show that it was necessary, and then call it self-defense—that is incomprehensible to the American mind.

This defense, in fact, is the real thing for which the Germans are blamed in America. They are indicted not so much for specific acts—for the American is quite ready to admit that the English have offended in the past and that the Russians may do so in the future—but for the logic and the ethics by which they create the necessity to justify them. It apparently makes no difference how long Germans have lived in this country, they do not seem to be able to comprehend the American's state of mind, or to say anything which seems cogent to him. He is quite willing to admit that the Germans may have a perfectly good defense; he denies that the defense they give defends their actual conduct. The difficulty for him lies in the premises of the argument, not in the facts.

ROLAND G. USHER.

Stretching Contraband

NEUTRAL nations have not been long in reaching the uncomfortable conclusion that the hardships of war are not visited upon belligerents alone. Moreover, it does not require gift of prescience to predict that when the next international conference is held, at The Hague or elsewhere, primary consideration will be given to the rights of nations which are at peace at a time when other nations decide to go to war.

Discussions heretofore have accorded prior concern to the ethics and etiquette of belligerents. Rule after rule has been added to the *code d'honneur* prescribed for the conduct of warring powers. But the rights of the neutral are as vague as they were before Grotius and Vattel attempted to interpret and codify the procedure governing the relations of one nation with another. The present war has given grim emphasis to the necessity of affording clearly defined protection to peaceful commerce, instead of leaving it exposed to the whim or interest of belligerents, with the prize court as the only recourse against injury.

In case of hostilities involving maritime operations there are three methods by which one belligerent may prevent an enemy country from obtaining supplies which will enable it to prosecute the war. One is by embargo, whereby one government bans the shipment of certain articles from ports under its state control. This is a matter of home or colonial jurisdiction. Another is by blockade, through which, by effective force, it may prevent shipments of any character from reaching an enemy port. The third is by contraband declaration. By this the belligerent seeks to prevent a neutral from transporting to the enemy country articles which may be of military assistance. This involves right of search, seizure on the high seas, and other inconveniences and penalties.

Embargo may or may not be a matter of international concern. Blockade at one time degenerated into an abuse and a farce. "Paper blockades" were declared, notably by Napoleon, certain ports being a protest and laid down a principle which finally became a matter of international acceptance at the Treaty of Paris in 1856, when this provision was adopted: "Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy."

The question of contraband, however, has not been settled. The London Naval Conference in 1909 made a dismal failure of it, the chilly attitude of Great Britain toward any attempt at limitation turning the declaration into a nullity. The Declaration of London followed the Grotian plan of classification by putting down various articles as contraband, conditionally contraband (contraband when destined for military use) and non-contraband. The absolute contraband list of the Declaration set forth eleven groups. By October 29, 1914, Great Britain's proclamation had extended this to twenty-six groups, beside making striking additions to the conditional contraband list. Items which, according to the Declaration of London, reposed securely in the list of absolutely non-contraband, were not even given the doubtful protection of conditional contraband, but were set down as part of a group of absolute contraband.

Destination also received a strict construction. Cargoes might be consigned to neutral countries, but the shipper must prove that the ultimate destination was friendly. The neutral exporter of one country claims that he cannot tell how the sympathies of his outwardly neutral consignee may lie, and considers that he has discharged the obligations of neutrality if he has acted in good faith and used due diligence in choice of flag and observance of shipping instructions.

During the present war, American shipments of oil to Holland and copper to Italy have been seized, with the prize court as the sole arbiter. Rotterdam is a neutral port, and oil is not a noxious cargo under such conditions, unless the ship's documents reveal an illegal destination. What the Rotterdam con-

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per been on the list of absolute contraband. Industrial advancement may justify its insertion; nevertheless, the metal is innocent cargo unless it has an enemy destination. Great Britain has sought to justify her seizures on the ground that the increased shipments of copper to Italy looked suspicious, yet statistics do not seem to bear out this claim. Moreover, this could not explain the seizure of those cargoes which left America for Italy before the war was declared.

The embargo on direct shipments of manganese ore from India to the United States had for its ostensible basis the fear that the ore might be reshipped to Germany. More probably it had a certain bargaining value—we need manganese ore to make steel, and must have it. There are signs that the embargo may be lifted if we agree to certain conditions. We can also get wool under those same conditions. Great Britain made an offer involving much the same principle in 1793, when she insisted that the United States ship no grain to France. The young republic rejected the proposal on the ground of its unneutral character. It is a question whether it can bargain now and maintain strict neutrality.

By more than doubling the contraband list, Great Britain has seriously interfered with United States commerce with neutral Europe. The fear of seizure on the ground of noxious cargo, and the practical impossibility of proving ultimate destination, have had an effect more paralyzing than the actual seizures. Shipments consigned "to order" without the name of the consignee are held up as illegal, despite the fact that the custom has been sanctioned by years of usage. By this form the consignor does not part with title until the goods are paid for. As a matter of practical fact, if fraud were intended it would be much simpler to work through a fictitious consignee.

It is small consolation to the American exporter or the exporter of other neutrals that the prize courts of Great Britain are tempered with the Anglo-Saxon spirit of justice. The decisions of Lord Stowell in the trying Napoleonic era offer a guaranty of judicial fair dealing that will be in keeping with the best Anglo-Saxon tradition. They have never known the smudge of bias, and under them the alien has been accorded the same right as the national. The blow to commerce is dealt by the military expedient of extending the contraband list, by the high-handed construction placed on cargo destination, by the paralyzing timidity extending to all neutral trade. And for this the ultimate justice of the prize court cannot fully atone. To close students of international law the policy of Great Britain is certain to appear like an attempt to make the extension of the contraband list perform the more expensive service of the blockade. By adding to the list and impugning destination, seizures on the high seas would isolate the Germanic belligerents as inexorably as if dreadnoughts bristled shut off by the hospital doors

The historical position of the United States always has been in favor of a limitation of the contraband list. This has been set forth in treaty after treaty. In our protest to Russia in 1904, in the case of the "Arabia," we strongly upheld the "criterion of warlike usefulness and destination." If the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs are to be blockaded into submission, it seems reasonable that the belligerent, not the neutral, should pay the bill.

C. T. Revere.

In a Moscow Hospital

MOSCOW is very far from London. Upon this gray autumnal afternoon the sky, heavy and lowering, might have recalled our London days, but against it are the golden domes of the Moscow churches, domes not glittering now as they do in sunlight, but lying vaguely, dimly upon the heavy air. Only more strangely does that gray sky emphasize my distance from England.

As I wait for my friend in the square outside the hospital I am to visit, my eye rests on the queerest jumble of shops. Here behind me are magnificent buildings, lofty and of fine proportions, and before me this little row of shops; first a fine window behind whose glass six of the latest fashions in hats dangle upon poles; next to it a little low cave of a place showing through its dark door a wooden bench, a flaming candle, and two old women whose hands fling fantastic shadows upon the wall. Next to this again an ikon, before whose glittering picture there have paused a stout, prosperous gentleman in a bowler hat, a pale student with long hair and a thin, worn black coat, and an old man who is so old, so bent and so hairy that only his nose and his eyes seem alive. The old man, the student, the merchant take off their hats, cross themselves, and go on their ways.

Further along there is a wall of bright pink, and behind it a church with sky-blue towers and golden domes. An old gate, beyond the wall, shows a golden clump of autumn trees, and through the still, heavy air leaves are slowly turning, trembling, falling. Over the cobbles the droskies rattle, the cabmen shout, the tramway-cars scream, somewhere bells are ringing, boys are calling newspapers; two beggars, a blind man and an armless woman, never cease, as they move along, their monotonous, plaintive prayer. But Moscow is, as ever, utterly indifferent to its own noise; there are shadowy groups at the street corners, figures motionless against walls, dark shapes passing through the doors of the church with the blue towers, but the true note of the scene lies behind the gate in those golden trees from whose branches the leaves are so quietly falling. Yes, Moscow is very far from London.

My friend has arrived, and the outer world is

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There is no need here to recapitulate its glories. Its "Hamlet," its "Cherry Orchard," its "Three Sisters," its "Brand," and "The Life of Man"—these performances among others have written a new and a thrilling chapter in the history of dramatic art. Here to-day I have witnessed the Art Theatre's latest performance—surely the finest of them all. It is no easy matter for the artist to decide how best in this terrific crisis he can serve his country. Here in Moscow the Art Theatre has found its own fine answer to the problem.

During the first days of the war the theatre took the large flat where it had formerly held its rehearsals and converted it into a hospital. There are beds here for thirty soldiers. The hospital is entirely supported by the theatre, and its actors and actresses, with Mme. Tchekov at their head, work here night and day. To this some of the most famous men and women in Russia have given themselves up heart and soul. As I was admitted into the white silence of the place, was it absurdly fantastic to imagine that the fine, tender spirit of Tchekov had given it his blessing, and that the master who had fashioned the beauty and splendor of "The Cherry Orchard," of "Uncle Vanya," of "The Seagull," had informed also with his genius this little house of rest?

Here was to be seen no sign of the bungling eagerness of the amateur. Some of the most famous of Moscow's doctors have this hospital under their charge. No one can doubt, passing through the white rooms, that the most perfect order, discipline, restraint, are enforced here.

After we had seen the wards, the operating theater, the kitchen, we were introduced to the soldiers, who, hearing that we were a party of English visitors, had shown at once the very liveliest interest in us. Some of them with bandaged arms, some limping, some with their heads bound, they crowded around us. Very quietly they waited, but their eyes were burning with that eager friendliness that is in every Russian's face when he meets a stranger for the first time. But there was more than that. It was as though there were a link between us and them of a strength that only the realities could have forged. Something of their hardships they had suffered for our sakes. Until five weeks ago England had been nebulous, dim, abstract. Now it had become one of the factors in the making of their lives, and in our eyes they wished to see that Russia had to us, in our turn, become a vital reality.

"What does England think of Russia?" "Are the English soldiers thinking of the Russian soldiers?" "What a pity that we can't be together, a lot of us, to get to know one another."

They had very little to tell us about themselves. They had been into battle; for an instant it had been terrible, then it had mattered nothing—they had not thought about it. One man had been a scout and sometimes the loneliness had worried him, but on the whole it had been very like farming—one had had something to do and one had done it. There had been so much noise that one had heard no noise at all.

I would like to be able to convey on paper some sense of the quiet, assured resolution of these people. A Russian soldier who believes that God is with him is a power whose force no man can estimate. In the quiet, kindly eyes of these men was written the assured answer to Louvain, to Rheims, to Antwerp. We said good-bye to them all. They watched us as we went away with urgent, eager friendliness.

In the square outside the hospital the gray sky had lifted, giving us a world of blazing stars. The golden domes were like faint clouds floating without support in the evening air. All the windows were sparkling with lights—and how entirely since an hour ago my mood has changed! How near, how very near, Moscow is to London!

HUGH WALPOLE.

Dramatic Issues

THERE is an indestructible persistence about the dramatic instinct by virtue of which drama seems to survive every vicissitude. It is precisely because drama is the expression of such a fundamental human instinct that we must take it with a large seriousness. Drama is a social force to be reckoned with; it both indicates the state of civilization of a community and is in itself a civilizing agent. Historical criticism has usually recognized this. It has tried to relate the drama of a past epoch to the social, economic, or religious conditions, and has found a significance in even the manners and customs of the people. Contemporary criticism, on the contrary, for the most part completely shirks the task. Our drama has been lifted out of the texture of our social life and has been treated as if it did not bear the slightest relation to our social customs and our state of culture, our economic life and our gropings towards a more than merely verbal democracy. Yet now more than ever dramatic issues merge with democratic issues. If dramatic criticism is to be of any real value it must relate the two issues in the interest of a larger social criticism.

The annual scolding meted out to the tired business man is an excellent example of the falsely detached point of view present critisism. He is berated for his inveterate habit of yawning in Ibsen's face. The issue is made purely personal, as if the business man's preference were a kind of perversity. The only reply he is ever known to have made was printed in *Life,* and was to the effect that the thing that made him so tired was the kind of play he had to see. But there is a real helplessness about the tired business man, and no criticism is quite so shallow and so vain as that which habitually singles him

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mitted to a regime of work without leisure. The test is easily made. Simply grind in an office for eight or nine hours with twenty minutes for lunch and a hectic sprint for a hasty supper, and then walk down Broadway with the best of intentions towards the drama. Nine out of ten times, if you are at all like your fellow sufferers and have not made up your mind beforehand, you will shirk your Shakespeare and patronize the frankly frivolous. You may even find that you have gravitated to a theatre where you are allowed to smoke.

The tired business man really raises the whole problem of culture. For culture is hardly attainable without some leisure, some pause and recovery in the onrush of the mere pressure of existence, and as long as we frown upon leisure as a yielding to the devil and an invitation to our competitor to overreach us, the finer issues of life must remain in abeyance. If European drama is superior to ours, that is due to some extent, at least, to the fact that the greater leisure in European social life has raised the standard of appreciation among audiences. While conditions remain such that the American business man can never recuperate or interpose an interval between his mercantile activities and his cultural participations, his wife will drag him to the temples of drama in vain. Meanwhile his worst crime, the average musical comedy, is his best achievement, for his extremely human nature is rightly opposed to the policy of the starvation of the sensuous with which a now decadent Puritanism has so long stifled all art.

The relation of culture to leisure as reflected in the drama leads us to so democratic an issue as the woman question. To-day more than ever before the problem of culture lies in the hands of women. They hold the prizes and adornments of leisure and provide the stimulants to culture. But their influence is barren as long as one half is deprived of all leisure while the other half is bored with too much of it. Women at present are rushing into industry. It may well be that their very disabilities, their physical handicaps for standing the grind of industry, will work in the interests of leisure and of culture by shortening the hours of toil for men as well as for women. Political writers have lately pointed out that political democracy without economic democracy is mere rhetoric. It may be left to women to show that democracy without leisure is not worth the candle.

When critics grow weary of thumping the tired business man, they turn to browbeating the unscrupulous business man. The commercial manager makes good kicking. It would be futile, of course, to deny real evils here. Even such a charge as the suppression of criticism, however, has attained to gross exaggeration. Managers do not suppress criticism very much, because it is not necessary. One sees too many young and radical critics who gradually succumb to an innocuous mildness. The seduction is not so much commercial as it is actress with whom one has just had tea. And it is not dramatic criticism alone that has yielded to the prejudices of a national temperament which frowns upon all criticism as a form of "knocking" and so naively appreciates the modicum of good in everything. But it is either hypocritical or near-sighted to heap the reprobation of commercialism upon the manager as if he were the only offender. He is not a public enemy because he honestly prefers making money to losing it. What are we if not commercial? The charge bites deep into our whole life and the remedy, if anyone has it, must be applied to the very basis of society before it can affect so subtle a thing as art. But the accusation is in itself inaccurate. It would not be difficult to show that as a business man the average manager is hopelessly inferior to our pillars of society. He is, in a much truer sense, a gambler, with all the gambler's trust in chance and haphazard organization. What perhaps more than anything else he needs is sound business training.

The stock remedy for the commercialism of the managers is the endowed theatre. With those who, on the ideal assumption of an ideal state, plan an ideally perfect theatre, we have no quarrel and no concern. They move in that charmed sphere where thought and execution have not yet developed their horrid differences. Nor have we any patience with those who merely contemplate a raid upon the state treasury to permit them to carry out their no doubt impeccable plans without financial or social responsibility. Between these two extremes the citizen at large must still do some hard thinking. He may incline to the idealist's version. But he will find the sign-posts confusing. At the present moment, for example, a state endowed theatre like the Comédie Francaise has been brought to the point of collapse through political intrigue and the discontent of the actors. And our own New Theatre, liberally enough endowed, though not by the state, has succumbed to mistakes most of which a little despised business acumen might well have avoided. Nor can the citizen be guided by those theatres which, like Shakespeare's or Molière's, were dependent upon royal patronage. It is merely bad political thinking to suppose that a conception of the state based upon Louis XIV's dictum, "L'Etat, c'est moi," has anything in common with our notion of a democratic state. The Greek theatre owes its success not so much to endowment as to the fact that it was the aesthetic expression of a national religion. The problem of a modern state-endowed theatre is a new problem under new conditions of a formative democracy. But it is not merely poetical; it is as essentially concrete as the question of railroad nationalization. It is more than a dramatic, it is a political problem. We must fully realize its implications even as we welcome any sincere movement towards state endowment. For it is one of those democratic changes which, though

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When American drama is at its lowest the cry goes out for a savior. The Great American Dramatist is coming to redeem us with a masterpiece that will express our true ideals. Just what he is to represent and how we are to recognize him is not imparted by his prophets. His possible coming raises the whole question of the social function of art in a democratic civilization such as ours. Can any art be finer or nobler than the people that are its spiritual soil? Have we attained the national maturity and the underlying unity without which a national art cannot flourish? How can a democracy which is still as inchoate as ours hope to find artistic expression? Such questions force us to searching interrogations. We must remember that no purely mercantile civilization has ever produced any art; it has merely hired or bought it. There was no art in the Peiraeus. That was left to the divine loafers in Athens. America as yet has little of the inner richness of experience, of accumulated tradition and religious feeling, to offer as material to its artists. We are still a pioneer people, too active to ponder the problems of existence, and in a way too healthy to brood over merely tragic issues. A nation has the art that it deserves.

The Great American Dramatist remains an elusive gentleman. Meanwhile the remarkable thing about the most typically American plays is their comparative anonymity. The author of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," the concoctor of "It Pays To Advertise," are almost impersonal to us. They lack personality because the ideas they express do not possess the peculiar quality of art. They celebrate the virtues that have made us what we are but what we do not like to acknowledge. Are they not, just for that reason, our true national mirrors and our best monitors? Their very helplessness and the recurrent sordidness of their themes point to the task of self-culture that lies before us. When once we are purged of our commercialism, when leisure has civilized us, drama will reflect our nobler traits soon enough. ALFRED KUTTNER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Woman Suffrage and Strategy

SIR: In your issue of November twenty-first, you express the opinion, at least by clear implication, that the recent convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association was a statesmanlike assembly which disposed of its business with commendable wisdom. Apparently the basis of your judgment was the summary punishment meted out by the convention to the Congressional Union, but whatever it may have been, you surely had not made a careful study of the proceedings of the Nashville conference before spreading your views on record.

If you had examined the transactions of the convention you would have discovered that the National Association, far from being a statesmanlike body, actually stultified itself by passing an absurd resolution demanding that Congress should enact a law forcing the states to give women the vote in Federal elections, on the genial assumption that the Fourteenth Amendment, in bestowing civil rights upon the residents of states, thereby forbade the commonwealth to deprive women of the vote. In other words, the National Association displayed an invincible ignorance of constitutional law by declaring that the Congress which passed, and the states which ratified, the Fourteenth Amendment, inadvertently gave women the ballot. To put the economical situation another way, "the sovereign voters" of the United States, using the regular amending machinery, did without knowing it, almost fifty years ago, what they cannot be induced to do openly to-day.

The painful lack of knowledge of the most elementary constitutional history thus displayed by the National Association is truly distressing. If the leading women in the suffrage movement assembled in solemn convention do not know anything about constitutional law and history, or do not know enough to know that they know nothing, what must be the state of mind of the rank and file supporting the National Association? Charity compels us to believe ment to confer political rights upon women. If that fact were not evident in the Amendment itself, it has been definitely settled by the Supreme Court in the case of Minor *vs.* Happersett, decided forty years ago, to the effect that "the constitutions and laws of the several states which commit that important trust [the ballot] to men alone are not necessarily void." If it be said that the leaders in the National Association were aware of the impossible character of their constitutional law, but were plainly seeking an instrument of agitation, it must be replied that even agitators, who enjoy more than poetic license, do not dare to stultify themselves too obviously. The members of the National Association who voted for this ridiculous resolution are not statesmanlike and they are not even good agitators.

Now I come to that part of your editorial in which you praise the National Association for its wisdom in refusing to force a sense of responsibility upon the Democratic party in the matter of the suffrage. Everybody knows that Mr. Wilson and the small group of men about him do assume full responsibility in the name of the party for what has been done and left undone at Washington. This means responsibility for the refusal to allow the woman suffrage amendment to come before the House of Representatives for debate and vote. It may be that they were wise in thus treating the Amendment as a state issue, but the National Woman Suffrage Association declares that the suffrage is a national matter and demands a national amendment. It is therefore committed to the task of getting the resolution through Congress. It is absolutely opposed to the stand that the Democratic party has officially taken, but it says in fact, "We only blame individuals for what the organization has done." That is just what every dodger of the woman suffrage question wants the Association to say.

But it is replied on behalf of the Association, "If we oppose the Democratic party for its refusal to act we become partisan." The obvious retort is, "Not at all." If the

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and keep up the seesaw until the controlling party organization, under presidential or boss leadership as the case might be, accepts the inevitable. The women do not become Republicans by opposing the Democrats. They help the Republican party temporarily, using it as an instrument to obtain the vote, on the assumption that securing the vote is more important than the success or failure of either or any party. This is the most diluted milk for political babes that one can imagine.

Finally, you say that the issue of woman suffrage is "where it belongs, before the entire male electorate of this country," and is to be decided by the votes of men. The statement is not politically accurate. On the very narrowest calculation it is not before the "entire male electorate." In twelve states women vote. In thirty-six states where women do not have the vote, it is theoretically before the male voters, but only theoretically. In practical politics the power of the organization leaders to pass the word down to "the boys" to "swat the amendment," is fully equal to the power of the independent electors, and the organization leaders in all states have to take into account the exigencies of politics at Washington. The only way in which the issue could be left to the "male electorate" would be to abandon the work for a national suffrage amendment.

Assuming that it is not proposed to abandon the national movement, then the issue is not before "the entire male electorate, where it belongs." It is before the men and woman in twelve states, and the men in the other states, or to speak correctly, the party organizations and some of the men in the other states. One-fourth of the United States Senators, nearly one-sixth of the House of Representatives, and nearly one-fifth of the Presidential electors come from suffrage states. No national party organization or national leader now dares to oppose woman suffrage on principle, except on the assumption that the women voters of the West do not have the intelligence to read the newspapers and are so spineless that they would vote for a party or leader that dared to tell thm that they have no business with the vote, anyhow.

Obviously, the women voters hold the balance of power in national politics, and if they are keen enough they can force all of the parties to take a positive stand for woman suffrage in 1916. If the women of the West will think nationally and politically, they can, through the working power of marginal minorities, compel the passage of a national amendment, but only on the assumption that they will punish at the polls the party that refuses to go on record or that violates its pledge when it does go on record. If the representatives in Congress from the suffrage states inform the national organizations of their respective parties that the women voters are politically alert, then the organizations will have to take notice. Inasmuch as the passage of the amendment by Congress merely submits the issue to the states the congressmen from non-suffrage states will see no reason why they should endanger the national organization by refusing to lay the proposition before the country. Then the issue will be before the legislatures, i. e., the party organizations, of the several commonwealths.

Such is the view taken by the Congressional Union, and friend and foe must admit the strategic strength of the Union's position. The Union does not attack the National Association. It simply asks to be let alone because it has "political sense" and knows what it is about.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Is England Hypocritical?

SIR: If we are to accept the astounding statements of Dr. Roland G. Usher in your current issue, we must admit that this country has been the victim of one of the most colossal deceptions known to history.

If, as Dr. Usher insists, "the neutrality of Belgium was a fiction," if "Belgium was as clearly an ally of France as England was," and if "the Belgian army and its dispositions, the Belgian forts on the German frontier, were prepared with the advice, at least, of English and French generals"—what are we to think of England's official statement that her sole motive in declaring war against Germany was to protect Belgian neutrality?

It seems almost incredible that a man who has been so largely instrumental in enlisting the moral sentiment of this country in favor of England as against Germany should now convict England of one of the most consummate and successful pieces of hypocrisy ever perpetrated. And yet what other conclusion are we to draw from Dr. Usher's article?

CHARLOTTE TELLER.

New York City.

A Social Sin

SIR: Everybody admits that it is a despicable thing for a bachelor to have an intrigue with a married woman. From the days of Joseph to those of the editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC, men of moral principle have resisted temptation of this sort and virtuous women have refused to follow wayward impulses that would involve such men. But in the case of certain great individuals who have stepped aside Wellington, Alexander Hamilton, Goethe, and Robert Burns in spite of their discreditable amours. In this class, also, we place Parnell, in spite of Katherine O'Shea.

In your criticism of the Parnell biography you omitted any such thought as this. Won't you please outline the condemnation of a social sin so conspicuously omitted?

H. H. M.

A Welcome Word

SIR: In your issue of November 28th appears an account of the occupation of the town of Kinston by our troops during the Civil War, quoted from a letter in "Notes of a Son and Brother," by Henry James. In referring to the book, I find that the last part of this letter is not given in your publication, and in justice to the memory of Wilkie James, who wrote it, I send you the part which was omitted. I first quote the sentences with which your account ends:

> . . . "houses entered regardless of the commonest dues of life, and others set on fire to show the town was our own. She belonged to our army and almost every man claimed a house. If I had only had your orders beforehand for trophies I could have satisfied you with anything named, from a gold watch to an old brickbat"

Now comes the omitted part:

> "This is the ugly part of war. A too victorious army soon goes down; but we luckily didn't have time for big demoralization, as the next day in the afternoon we found ourselves some seventeen miles away, and bivouacing in a single prodigious corn-

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Within Our Gates

Polygamy, a play in four acts, by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. First presented at the Playhouse, New York, December 1, 1914.

WHEN Mr. Harvey O'Higgins stopped writing his heroic tales of the New York fire department he entered on a grim career. Working by the side of Judge Lindsey in Denver, he spent many months in the jungle of Colorado politics and came out with an account of foulness unsurpassed in the history of predatory fauna in America. In Denver he met an "apostate" Mormon—Senator Frank Cannon—and later he went to Utah, where he delved for a year into the practices of the Mormon communion. "Under the Prophet in Utah" was the title Mr. O'Higgins gave to the series of articles which detailed his version of the most singular institution in the republic. Turning to William J. Burns, Mr. O'Higgins next set himself to unravel the exploits of a group of American citizens who devoted hardworking lives to murder. It was a sensational story and hardly credible, but if Mr. O'Higgins stood in need of vindication he received it at the stained hands of the murderers themselves. The confession of the McNamaras, removing from persecuted organized labor the Nazarene halo and deposing it from the submissive cross of gold, proved that Mr. O'Higgins had been a pathologist going right, not a romancer going wrong.

It is some time now since Mr. O'Higgins deviated into drama. "The Dummy," a thoroughly amusing detective comedy, was written in conjunction with Miss Harriet Ford, and it represented Mr. O'Higgins's dry humor and happy inventiveness far better than his conventional detective play, "The Argyle Case." To these amiable creations Mr. O'Higgins now adds a drama of a quite different character entitled "Polygamy," founded not on the human vagary so named but on the Mormon standardization which Mr. O'Higgins has studied at first-hand.

It is as a reporter, an investigator, a social diagnostician, that Mr. O'Higgins utilizes the drama in his present production. He has not sought, as the creator usually seeks, to interpret ourselves to ourselves through the medium of a situation allied to our own. He has not drawn on the fund of common experience and circulated between stage and audience the draft of mutual emotion. Dealing though he does with ordinary American men and women, the principal factor in "Polygamy" is not a familiar complexity but an alien and incalculable institution, about which Mr. O'Higgins is obliged to arouse conviction before his drama can live.

As a prudent and sceptical observer, I hesitated for some time before entering Mr. O'Higgins's dramatic lobster-pot. Having long resented the intrusive and impertinent inquiries about polygamy which are part of the Ellis Island ritual, I was reluctant to assent for one moment to Mr. O'Higgins's interpretation of celestial marriage and his evident disgust with our Mormon brothers. But gradually, insensibly, I began to be convinced that I had to elect between Mr. O'Higgins and the vileness so plausibly portrayed. Here was no prudery about polygamy but a cumulative resentment against a sinister machine. Proceeding by inference alone, I accepted Mr. O'Higgins's premises, and ended with an ardent response to his theme.

The assumptions of "Polygamy" are simple. The Mor-

sual man are money and lust, the leaders of the church are seen to divert the stream of religious belief to turn these mundane wheels. It is not to the sexual aspect of polygamy that Mr. O'Higgins draws attention. He shows and shows adroitly that this sexual rule is not a symptom of self-indulgence. It is simply the means by which the Prophet and his clique effect their will in the community. Sex is the Thermopolyean pass which all authoritarian religions strive to command. It is the clue to social control. An archaic doctrine like polygamy could hardly be effective among emancipated women, but the whole contention of "Polygamy" is that Mormonism pits itself against emancipation by enforcing polygamy as a celestial decree, and in the high degree that it is effective for enslavement, in that degree it is serviceable to the grafters who preside over the destinies of the church.

The drama in "Polygamy" consists in the efforts of two God-fearing and devoted young Mormons to preserve their monogamous marriage in the teeth of the church's authority. In support of their position there is, of course, the repudiation of polygamy that has been on the lips of the Mormon leaders themselves. But, backed by the celebrated sworn testimony in the case of Senator Smoot, Mr. O'Higgins makes the Prophet condemn the recalcitrant husband to a secret polygamous alliance, and he reveals that God wills this alliance to be consummated with a woman who loves a black sheep of the Mormon flock, an "apostate" who loses no opportunity to sneer at the faith which he sees as a snare for fools. The "apostate" confronts the formidable council itself. He defies them and all their works. But the power of the religion over the two women assailed keeps the institution inviolable. Fearful of God, humanly anxious to placate the power that can jeopardize her husband, the young wife assents to polygamy against every aspiration of her life.

But when the new spouse is brought into her monogamous household, the process of emancipation—or, if you prefer, apostacy—is accelerated alarmingly in the breast of the young wife. She has induced her husband to conform, but conformity is beyond her own power. She is still a Mormon, but the one tenet essential to her subjugation she resists with all the frenzy of an individualism tasted, found ravishing, and forbidden. The leaders of the church suspect this disloyalty, and they make the husband's financial future, and the proof of his goodwill, contingent on the birth of a child by his new spouse. Ignorant that both her husband and the inveigled bride repudiate this doom, ignorant that the interloper has fled from the house, the first wife comes to her bedroom, finds it locked, and spends the night—as has actually occurred in real life under such circumstances—in one of those physical eclipses that nature provides for women institutionally revolted.

The upshot of "Polygamy" is not tragic. But the tyranny which it portrays is tragic, and so long as the actors avoid apparent hysteria the drama is profoundly moving.

The dominant actress in "Polygamy" is Miss Mary Shaw. As a sardonic, polygamous wife, disillusioned but acceptive, she makes of her small part a memorable portraiture. As the young wife Miss Chrystal Herne traces the chart of varying emotion with a fine though somewhat thin etching-needle. As the interpolated wife, lovelorn and desolate, Miss Emmet does not succeed in differentiating her emotions sufficiently from those of Miss Herne. Mr. Mack is the apostate. He thrums with indomitable

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Books and Things

IT is almost fifteen years since S. S. McClure went down from London into Surrey, and spent an evening at Box Hill. After dinner was over he and George Meredith climbed to the châlet, where they sat up until two o'clock, talking about Meredith's novels. By asking Meredith "how, in the light of his own experience, he would define genius," Mr. McClure drew this answer: "It is an extraordinary activity of mind in which all conscious and subconscious knowledge mass themselves without any effort of the will, and become effective." Mr. McClure would hardly, I suppose, in the light of his own experience, define genius so. From his autobiography, which I didn't happen to read in *McClure's Magazine,* but which I read every word of, the other day, at one excited sitting, I infer that he would be surprised to hear his gifts called genius. They clearly reveal that "extraordinary mind," however, and any account of it must begin with what he calls his "native virtue," credulity.

Mr. McClure's particular credulity is a power of seeing the world he lives in as unfinished, of believing that what has been shall not be, that there is something new under the sun. Born into a world where news was syndicated and fiction wasn't, where *Harper's, The Century, Scribner's* and *The Atlantic* seemed the only magazines possible, he proceeded to syndicate fiction and to invent a new kind of magazine. He faced and overcame what he says every young man must face and overcome, the "delusion of the completeness of the world." As a boy, transplanted from the north of Ireland to the Middle West, he had hungered for things to read. His intimate knowledge of the Middle West convinced him that many boys in that part of the world, and many grown persons, too, were suffering from the same hunger, which he was credulous enough to feel certain he could appease. His life has abundantly justified that credulity. He has given his readers what they wanted, and he has done this by a method which sounds, as he describes it, alluringly simple: "I bought and printed what interested me, and it usually seemed to interest other Middle Westerners."

Books on the psychology of invention tell us that the likeliest way to have good ideas is to have a lot of ideas. No contemporary magazine editor has been richer than Mr. McClure in ideas, which mostly occur to him when he is on the move. One of his master ideas, however, was an exception to this rule. It came to him while he was taking a quiet vacation, after months of routine office work. "One evening in East Orange," he says, "I sat down and in a few hours invented the newspaper syndicate service which I afterward put through. I saw it, in all its ramifications, as completely as I ever did afterward, and I don't think I ever added anything to my first conception." Such a crisis of inventiveness must be great fun for the inventor. With equal suddenness, you may remember, some of the leading ideas in his most widely known book unfolded themselves before M. Gabriel Tarde, when he was rambling alone on a hill above the valley of the Dordogne. In the course of a few hours' walk, stopping now and then, or sitting down at the foot of a tree to make a few notes in pencil, he sketched what afterward became the first chapter of his "Laws of Imitation."

Very different is the case of Mr. McClure's second great along, by separate concrete strokes of inventiveness, and also by what he regards as accidents. Many of the articles which now seem to us, as we look backward, most McClurish, which differentiate the magazine most sharply from all its predecessors, came into existence rather casually. But the essential McClurishness of *McClure's,* though it took shape twig by twig, had really one tap-root, fed by Mr. McClure's conviction that men who could write usually didn't know, that men who knew usually couldn't write, and by his resolve to pick out people who could write and to pay them for taking time enough to get knowledge. In your judgment, particularly if you are a specialist, the knowledge gained by the early *McClure* writers may lack the last thoroughness, and their writing may be too emotional for your taste, but you cannot deny that by pleasing himself Mr. McClure invented a magazine which talked to the American people, about themselves and their interests, more intimately than any magazine had ever talked to them before. The fairies endowed Mr. McClure not only with a belief in the incompleteness of the world, but also with likings which, when they had a chance to express themselves, gave *McClure's Magazine* a physiognomy as distinct and recognizable as Uncle Sam's. Either talent would have been of little value without the other.

Mr. McClure's life has brought him acquaintance with many famous writers, whose work he published sooner or later, usually sooner, and seldom too soon. My only disappointment in reading the autobiography has been in its failure to turn a new light on these authors. Mr. McClure is no portrait painter. What he has known about authors is chiefly whether they would do. A person with keen eyes can make out a sign, say, a long way off. It tells him whether he is on the right road. Another person, walking with the first, can't make the sign out until they are much nearer. They pass the sign, they leave it behind, and the second person has noticed and can recall the shape of its letters. The first person has noticed nothing so superfluous. Mr. McClure is like this first person. He can make out as much as he needs to know a long way off, further off than the next man. What he says of George Meredith's novels, for example, would be just as applicable to the novels of ever so many other writers, but he foresaw, very punctually at the right moment, the increase of Meredith's popularity in the United States.

Upon second thought, however, I'm not so sure that Mr. McClure couldn't have put many good portraits with his book, for the only full-length it contains is admirable. He has done himself as a boy and as a young man in words that move us and leave him immoved. The description of his early years is a story of unbelievable hardship endured with light-hearted courage. Other boys, as eager to get an education, have gone without fuel and clothes and food. He not only did these things but did them in a most cheerful spirit, without a touch of dour desperation. Surely there never was a gayer and pluckier youngster, or a readier to make the money he needed by the hardest kind of work. Fine loyalties are here, too—loyalty to his future, to the young girl he waited for through seven years, loyalty to his dead. Through the years when he was living dangerously he was helped by a wife who believed in him as he believed in himself, and who has watched him overtake at last the hopes he had pursued so long with passion and gaiety, with flexibility and courage—qualities which would have been worth while in themselves, even if they hadn't

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Maurice Barrès

THE instinct of the French mind to climb to a mountain-top with a few kindred spirits and discuss the view, makes the French novel a guide to the movements of national life and thought. In a country where every baker hands out a reasoned *aperçu général* of the political situation with your morning rolls, small wonder that almost every decade produces its "typical" novelist who embodies the special series of ideas for which men fight and bleed. In the works of Anatole France and Romain Rolland, for example, the curious reader has followed the important intellectual conflicts of the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. If, at the same time, he has listened to the insistent voice of Maurice Barrès, he has had a gradual preparation for the traditionalist renaissance in life and literature which, growing stronger as the omens of European trouble multiplied, has received sudden confirmation from history itself.

Anatole France, the last Parisian to indulge a fastidious humanism at the book-stalls along the Quais, stands out in perspective as the last descendant of Taine and Renan, final spokesman of an age when faith yielded to doubt and truth had many faces. He has analyzed life through the glass of his own personality and, like Renan, has attained his subtlest irony by clothing subversive matter with rare purity of style. Rolland, whose style and form reflect the introduction into the French literary and educational scheme of the more inchoate Russians and Germans, is, spiritually speaking, a son of the *Affaire Dreyfus*. That revolutionary crisis gave him a new faith, the faith of social justice and internationalism which for a time inspired the best elements of intellectual France. Barrès, the most striking figure of the present hour, typifies, on the contrary, reaction against foreign influence, return within the frontiers to the "classic" national tradition. The rising of his star coincides with the decline of that of Anatole France, and it is suggestive that Jean-Christophe, symbol of the Franco-German *rapprochement,* should have drawn his dying breath soon after the *coup d'Agadir,* just as the book-stalls began to flourish the tricolor of the younger generation.

The revival by the nationalists of the old terms classic and romantic is convenient, though only doctrinaires like Maurras can find them all-inclusive. To such critics the classic is the *route nationale,* the one highroad for writers who would express the general and eternal in French life; built in the *grand siècle* on foundations of reason and discipline, it is a sort of Via Aurelia that leads Gaul back to Rome. Romanticism they regard as a mere gypsy-trail blazed by a band of revolutionists and fit for free-thinkers, vagabonds and egotists. For sheer life, as Hugo or Tolstoi or Balzac or almost any of the great English novelists see it, the classic novelist must accordingly substitute a criticism of life in accordance with inherited ideals and allegiance to old institutions like the family, the province, and the Roman church. So far as form goes he must return from the model of "Madame Bovary" to that of the "Princesse de Clèves"—a rather brief story, very carefully constructed, in which a few strongly marked or delicately indicated characters find a rapid development about some central moral problem.

Those who remember Barrès as the author of "Le Jardin de Bérénice" and "L'Homme libre," which made his fame with the symbolists and aesthetes of the early nineties, will marvel that he should have been the most considerable influence in the change. For these early works, too fluid mobile sensibility and penetrating intelligence are beguiled by many forms of exotic beauty and thought. The Barrès of the "Culte du Moi" had, however, a second self, with a fervent local consciousness nourished by memories of 1870 in his native Lorraine village of Charmes-sur-Moselle; and we soon see him in the "Roman de l'Enérgie Nationale," forging a doubly restrictive doctrine, expressed simultaneously in politics, which not only rejects the civilization of the "Barbarians," but declares continuity with the generations that have succeeded one another on a single soil, loyalty to "the earth and the dead" and to the *petite patrie* within the large, to be the true source of national vitality. Thus "Les Déracinés" deals with the "uprooting" effects of the philosophy of Kant and of the life of Paris on young provincials. Foreigners find it and its sequels stiff reading; the seven young Lorrainers have more intellectual than human distinctness. But there are chapters like the beautiful one called "The Moselle Valley" in "L'Appel au Soldat," that nobody who would understand the source of the now fashionable "regionalist" theories should fail to read—especially if he be interested in the Franco-German frontier.

It is, however, two novels of the "Bastions de l'Est," published during the last decade, that have given Barrès a real place among classic novelists, and, through the new light they cast on the Alsace-Lorraine problem, a profound influence over the younger generation. The first of these, "Au Service de l'Allemagne," points out, to the confusion of narrower advocates of *la revanche,* that an Alsatian can best serve Alsace, not by fleeing across the frontier, but by loyalty to French traditions in the disciplined performance of German duties. Still more does "Colette Baudoche," which describes with admirable brevity and lucidity the conflict of the French and German civilization in the heart of a simple daughter of Metz, bring home the conviction that France is not a matter of boundaries, but a *réalité morale*, a persistent spiritual entity, handed on from one age to the next. Colette herself, her smiling eyes so wide open to the hard facts of life, is an exquisite silhouette, clear cut as a Roman bas-relief, of the quintessential Frenchwoman.

Perhaps it is only the French *jeune fille* who can be both spontaneous and docile. Certainly the special group of young nationalists who call Barrès master seem as yet to be merely repeating a lesson, though they have added to the old allegiances to province, church and family, the infusion, as André Lichtenberger puts it, of *"le sang nouveau."* No sooner had the famous *enquêtes* on French youth appeared than a crop of novels sprang up whose heroes, generally the sons of selfish individualists of radical sympathies, were vowed entirely to the renaissance of the classic tradition, through sacrifice to a great institution like the army or the church. Such are "L'Appel des Armes," by Ernest Psichari, "Les Hasards de la Guerre," by Jean Variot, "L'Enfant chargé de Chaînes," by François Mauriac. Their authors were evidently not torn, like the young men in "Les Déracinés," between the symbolic claims of the plane-tree of Taine and the tomb of Napoleon. They would never allow themselves, as Barrès does even now, a recuperative journey to Toledo or a sojourn on the *Colline Inspirée.* They march straight ahead, colors flying, along the *route nationale.* Even M. André Lafon, the most lyrical and gifted of the group, whose "L'Elève Gilles" won the important new literary prize from the Academy in 1912, is again betrayed in his latest book, "La Maison sur la Rive," in an attitude of adoring discipleship.

Nationalism has traps as obvious as its aesthetic and

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making the Moselle "the most academic of French rivers," he, at least, keeps the thrill of running waters in our ears. Yet is not his ability to catch the ear of succeeding generations of diverse views due to something far more flexible than the principles he advocates? Never able wholly to sacrifice his romantic gifts on the classic altar, or, while preaching obedience, to stop analyzing and doubting, he still touches the heart of sceptics and dilettantes. Meanwhile the Catholics find him the best defender of their churches—"La Grande Pitié des Eglises de France," published last spring, is at once a political tract and a passionate poem to the old monuments despoiled by the Separation—and the classicists their best champion. Pragmatic youth declares him with reason "a man of action." But there is something doctrinaire and detached about him, something almost morbid in his seductive mingling of intellectualism with sensibility, cold analysis and invective with symbolic ecstasy, that raises the question whether posterity will accord him a place in the great French line comparable to Anatole France's. His nationalist followers, who claim for their school a monopoly of the ancient domestic and stylistic virtues, should reread "Le Livre de mon Ami" and "Sylvestre Bonnard," as well as Rolland's "Dans la Maison," which so critically and tenderly penetrates the walls that protect French family life. If nationalism is a dangerous dogma, the fact remains that the creative inspiration of French literature is national, in a broad and even in a very intensive sense. The "Gallic trumpet," as Meredith called it, does rally all Frenchmen to one standard; and if these bitter days hold any promise for art, it surely consists in the strengthening, in the hearts of youths who have seen their *Ile de France* defiled, of the bond of poetry and blood that binds them to their ruined fields.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

A New Kind of Novel

The Death of a Nobody, by Jules Romains. Translated by Desmond MacCarthy and Sydney Waterlow. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

CONTEMPORARY fiction, if asked why it has created fewer characters than the fiction of sixty or seventy years ago, may truthfully answer that it has been more interested in attaining some of the many other ends which novels may have in view; that whatever it may have lost as a creator of character it has gained as a minute and sensitive and endlessly curious observer. Even suspicious persons, whom this answer leaves about where it found them, imprisoned in the conviction that every novelist would try to create characters if he thought he could, must admit that many modern novelists don't appear to try. In "The Death of Nobody" Jules Romains not only doesn't try: he has invented a novel according to the law of whose being the novelist mustn't try.

Another book by Jules Romains, "Sur les Quais de la Villette," is almost as free from characters. Most of its stories, told in various first persons, describe how the emotions of a group are born and grow, how soldiers brought from barracks in the provinces to Paris, where a general strike is threatening, are gradually united in a willingness to attack and kill the strikers; how a group is pervaded by the will to conquer; how the men in a Paris street, so separate and so opposed in their habitual feelings, are fused into a group by the sudden impulse to lynch two insolent apaches; how the news of Ferrer's death, or of the St ture of the stories bids the novelist observe that more than a very little time given to character-drawing would be time lost.

"Sur les Quais de la Villette" represents group feelings to which important moments give momentary life. In "The Death of a Nobody," as the title indicates, the occasion has in itself no importance at all. It was a nobody who died, and the persons affected by his death are nobodies.

When Jacques Godard was about sixty years old, he was living by himself in Paris, not far from Père Lachaise, on his pension as a retired locomotive engineer. One day he climbed to the top of the Panthéon, and looked down for the first time on Paris. Its size impressed him, made him "reproach himself for having only understood so late what energies lay under cover of the city smoke. How many things had followed the windings of these streets, driven and directed by how many different forces! What criss-crossing of interests and relationships, just like the iron trusses reinforcing a block of concrete! And nothing of all this life had ever passed the threshold of his little widower's flat!" To Godard it seemed as if he really didn't exist, as if no one in Paris ever thought of him. "It wouldn't make much difference," he said to himself, "if I died."

He was partly right. Hardly anybody in Paris ever did think of him. He had no children, and his life, "as far as his own consciousness was concerned, was a meagre affair; in the consciousness of others it scarcely existed at all." It existed faintly and occasionally in the consciousness of the men and women in his tenement, of old railway engineers who hadn't quite forgotten him, of the members of a club called "Les Enfants du Velay," to whose meetings he didn't often go. Even in Velay, where his image in somebody else's consciousness was least faint, it was the image of a much younger Godard. His old father and mother, still living in the slate-roofed house where he was born, remembered him oftenest as he was in youth. Only when a letter came from him did they see him at his actual age, with wrinkles and gray hairs. At such times, too, the rest of the village remembered him, for "the news that a letter had come ran up the village street, scattered and went in at any cottage door, like the chickens from other people's yards."

But Jacques Godard was wrong in thinking his death would not make much difference. He died soon after his visit to the Panthéon, died alone in his two-room flat, where the hall-porter found him before the body was cold, and at once his image, which in his lifetime had lived so faintly in the consciousness of a few persons, began in their consciousness a more vivid life. His image and the thought of his death united in a group feeling the other persons in his tenement, and some of their neighbors. The news of his death, sent by telegraph to Velay, drew his father to Paris, by diligence and train. The other travellers in the diligence, when they first learned that old Godard was on his way to his son's funeral, felt it a duty to think about the dead man. A little later, this duty being done, "his image returned of its own accord. It passed from one passenger to another, hanging for a little between a couple who could each of them perceive it vaguely behind his own ideas, just as one may see a child too shy to come forward, hiding behind grown-up persons. Or it would mingle and dissolve in everything, only leaving in the mind a kind of brackish after-taste. Then suddenly it would condense again."

The appearance of the dead man's image in the consciousness of a good many persons, the degrees of intensity with which it lived there, how it grew distinct and was

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original and distinguished book, which rises to climax when the funeral procession, feeling so small on its way through alien and respectful streets, is united in fear as it nears a spot where strikers and gendarmes are fighting, is united in triumph when the fighters stop and draw back, not without signs of reverence for the fact of death, and let the procession go by.

The danger for a novelist, when he has planned a book as reasonably as Jules Romains planned "The Death of a Nobody," is that he will follow his plan even when it takes him away from observation and first-hand feeling, that there will be dead places, travelled by the author solely because he had chosen in advance a way leading through them. In this book there are no such dead places. Wherever Jules Romains goes he keeps his sensitiveness and his imagination. His story is constantly renewed and refreshed by precise descriptions of vague feelings, by precise descriptions of the melting of one vague feeling with another, by details of the visible world exactly and delicately noted. Seldom has a novelist, so faithful to the beauty of a design determined in advance, succeeded with fewer interruptions in realizing the other beauty of strangeness.

Of course a novelist who seeks his material in the life-like surprises of consciousness is tempted to find it by knowing more about the consciousness of his persons than they would themselves be likely to know. M. Romains has not always resisted the temptation. And doesn't he, if one may assemble one's reproaches and be done with them, tell us a little too explicitly and insistently that Jacques Godard did not really die until his image, appearing for the last time in anybody's consciousness, had disappeared and was gone forever?

To say these things, however, is only to say that Jules Romains, having created a new kind of book, has also created for himself new technical problems. And about the newness of his book, which Desmond MacCarthy and Sydney Waterlow have translated extremely well, there can be no doubt whatever. He shows us individuals as no more significant, one by one, than single words, and shows us how they gain significance, and live a common and intenser life, when they are united in rhythm.

The Game

The Great War. The First Phase [From the Assassination of the Archduke to the Fall of Antwerp], by Frank H. Simonds. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

IT was Goethe, I believe, though it may have been someone else, who said something to the effect that if he knew what a man thought about Shakespeare he would know what the man thought of life and destiny and the universe. There are such key-subjects which unlock your mind, so to speak; lay it wide open and reveal your true emotional bend. Such a key-subject is the war which is now being fought over us. Whether one agonizes over its horrors, or fulminates against the wickedness of one nation or another, or views it all as a great pageant, is supremely indicative of one's own temperament and predisposition.

In this book by Frank H. Simonds one sees the war not as a tragedy but as a game. There is no allusion to atrocities or to the ordinary barbarities of war, and you do not gain the sense of men freezing in trenches, of wounded soldiers dying of thirst, of decaying corpses. You see cool-headed generals, remote from the battlefield, playing out their gigantic war-game, outguessing each other, concentrating superior forces to the pivotal point, unswayed by romantic conceptions of war, impassive and yet filled with the joy of the game.

And the game is terrible and fascinating. We feel the tremendous sweep of it as the great German armies on the west, at first slowly and then gathering momentum, more swiftly move over the Belgian plains. We do not think of the gallant Belgian defense but only of this stupendous German force, growing stronger, as it would seem, with each effort at resistance, overcoming Liège, Tongres, Tirlemont and Diest, repelling the great French counter-offense, overflowing the French frontier, and then day after day forcing the western Allies, fighting at each step, back upon Paris. And then, as we watch the French and British line bent back upon itself, as a steel rod immovable at one end might be bent back by a heavy weight laid upon the other, as we see this rod, hardened by its hammering, spring back the moment that the weight upon it is released, we hold our breath in a suspense as painful as that of the actual combatants. The German line, beaten but not broken, reforms on the Aisne, and day by day each army stretches forth in a desperate effort to encircle the opponent and crush him. And as the men on the battlefield dig themselves into the earth, and the western army lines stretch zig-zag to the North Sea, we gradually lose our sense of soldiering and individual heroism, and there emerges a vague consciousness of a new magnitude of struggle, a struggle between nations so great and powerful that their power cannot be conceived, a struggle between such unimaginable multitudes that all personal distinctions of strength or valor, all differences even of race are lost in the human average.

It is a game transcending comprehension, and yet a game which, within the rules, men direct. In this book of Simonds's we seem to see again the old exaltation of leadership. No longer does the commanding general charge upon the enemy as Bonaparte did at Lodi. No longer can he even view the field of battle. But somewhere back of the armies are the highly specialized military staffs, working out their chess game, acceting repulse here and defeat there, retiring or advancing in obedience to grandiose, infinitely complicated, yet infinitely simple plans. We see Hindenburg planning to drown the Russian troops in the swamps and lakes of East Prussia, and we see the silent Joffre, retreating day after day, holding in leash the troops, so urgently needed immediately, but destined to win a greater victory later. It is a game in which chance plays a rôle always great but always lessening; a game more of science than of luck; a game in which battles are to the strong, the many and the prompt, and in which God fights on the side of the big battalions.

This to me is the chief value of the Simonds book, that it gives the sense of bigness. What it also gives is the sense of contemporaneity. The book is compiled from articles appearing almost daily in the *New York Evening Sun*. These articles, interesting, informing and brilliant, interpreted day by day the great drama as it slowly unfolded itself, and as the author was bold enough to predict (for interpretation of present happenings means prediction), it was inevitable that he should predict falsely as well as truly. Some of these errors, only half-corrected, survive in the book, but these errors, as well as a certain repetitiousness and a lack of unified conception, are fully pardonable. On the other hand the very fact that the book is based on these successive impressions give it a sort of cinematographic quality, a rapidity of movement which

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